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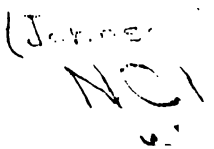

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CADELL, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, P. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1928 L

THE

POEMS

OF

YOUNG.

VOLUME II.

THE

COMPLAINT:

OR,

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

PREFA

AS the occaſion of this Poem v
tious; ſo the method purſued
impoſed, by what ſpontaneouſly aro
mind on that occaſion, than *mea*
Which will appear very probable fr
For it differs from the common moc
is, from long narrations to draw ſh
on the contrary, the narrative is ſh
lity ariſing from it makes the bulk
reaſon of it is, That the facts mer
pour theſe moral reflections on
writer.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd repoſe,
wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.
I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd deſponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancied* miſery,

ſunſhine to the colour of my fate.
Night, ſable goddeſs! from her *ebon* t
rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
er leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumbering wor
lence, how dead! and darkneſs, how
or eye, nor liſtening ear, an object fin
eation ſleeps. 'Tis as the general pul
f life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pa
n awful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
nd let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd;
ite! drop the curtain; I can loſe no m
Silence and *Darkneſs!* ſolemn ſiſters!
om ancient *Night*, who nurſe the tend
o *Reaſon*, and on *Reaſon* build *Reſolve*
(That column of true majeſty in man)
ſiſt me: I will thank you in the grav
he grave, your kingdom: *There* this
victim ſacred to your dreary ſhrine.

y ſoul, which flies to Thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
s miſers to their gold, while others reſt.
Through this opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
iis double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
) lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
ı mind that fain would wander from its woe)
ad it through various ſcenes of *Life* and *Death*;
ıd from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire.
)r leſs inſpire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;
:ach my beſt reaſon, reaſon; my beſt will
:ach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve
iſdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
)r let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
ı this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell ſtrikes *One*. We take no note of time
ıt from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
'eel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
is the *knell* of my departed hours:
here are they? With the years beyond the flood.
is the *ſignal* that demands diſpatch:
)w much is to be done? My hopes and fears
ırt up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
)ok down—On what? a fathomleſs abyſs;
dread eternity! how ſurely *mine!*
ıd can eternity belong to me,
or penſioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
)w complicate, how wonderful, is man!
)w paſſing wonder He, who made him ſuch!

am ethereal, ſully'd, and abſorpt
ugh ſully'd and diſhonour'd, ſtill div
miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
pleſs immortal! inſect *infinite!*
worm! a god!—I tremble at myſelf,
in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtrang
ought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'
nd wondering at her *own:* How reaſon
what a miracle to man is man,
riumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, wha
lternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life! or what de
n angel's arm can't ſnatch me from th
egions of angels can't confine me the
'Tis paſt conjecture; all things riſe i
While o'er my limbs *ſleep's* ſoft domin
What though my ſoul fantaſtic meaſur

Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs companions fall.
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims my ſoul *immortal*:
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven huſbands all events;
Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loſs deplore, that are not loſt?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel diſtreſs? Are *Angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in duſt, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderneſs let heavenly pity fall
On me, more juſtly number'd with the dead.
This is the deſart, *this* the ſolitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the ſad *cypreſs* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty ſhades!
All, all on earth, is *Shadow*, all beyond
Is *Subſtance*; the reverſe is folly's *creed*:
How ſolid all, where change ſhall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the veſtibule;
Life's theatre as yet is ſhut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the maſſy bar,
This groſs impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of exiſtence free,
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,

celestial hopes without one ſi
Priſoner of earth, and pent beneat
Here pinions all his wiſhes; wing'
To fly at infinite; and reach it the
Where *ſeraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, faſt by the thro
What golden joys ambroſial cluſteri
In His full beam, and ripen for th
Where momentary ages are no mor
Where time, and pain, and chance, an
And is it in the flight of threeſcore
To puſh eternity from human thoug
And ſmother ſouls immortal in the d
A ſoul immortal, ſpending all her fi
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idl
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or ala
At ought this ſcene can threaten or i
Reſembles *ocean* into tempeſt wrough
To waft a feather, or to d

ſoft conceit of endleſs comfort *here*,
t put forth her wings to reach the ſkies!
ıt-viſions may befriend (as ſung above):
waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
ngs impoſſible! (Could ſleep do more?)
s perpetual in perpetual change!
ɔle pleaſures on the toſſing wave!
l ſunſhine in the ſtorms of life!
ichly were my noon-tide trances hung
gorgeous tapeſtries of pictur'd joys!
hind joy, in endleſs perſpective!
death's toll, whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
laily for his millions at a meal,
g I woke, and found myſelf undone.
now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
bweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
uldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
ider's moſt attenuated thread
, is cable, to man's tender tie
thly bliſs; it breaks at every breeze.
: bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight!
ıbove meaſure! laſting, beyond bound!
etuity of bliſs is bliſs.
you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
haſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
ıite unparadiſe the realms of light.
e you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres;
leful influence of whoſe giddy dance
ad viciſſitude on all beneath.
ems with revolutions every hour;

weet *domeſtic* comfort, and cuts down
faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
ſs! ſublunary bliſs!—proud words,
licit treaſon to divine decree!
old invaſion of the rights of heaven!
aſp'd the phantoms, and I found them
ad I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
hat darts of agony had miſs'd my heart
Death! great proprietor of all! tis thi
tread out empire, and to quench the
e ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines
nd, one day, thou ſhalt pluck him fr
mid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhaul
hy *partial* quiver on a mark ſo *mean?*
/hy thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *n*
ſatiate archer! could not *one* ſuffice?
hy ſhaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my pe
nd thrice. thrice yon moon had fi

y vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
ow'd every thought of every joy!
buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd,
, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
a murderer, (and ſuch it proves!) a
retched rover!) o'er the pleaſing paſt
f wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
all deſart *now*; and meets the ghoſts
parted joys; a numerous train!
riches of my former fate;
afort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
/ pleaſure pains me to the heart.
y *complain?* or why complain for one?
t the ſun his luſtre but for me,
man? Are angels all beſide?
or millions: 'Tis the common lot;
ape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
ier's throes on all of woman born,
the children, than ſure heirs, of *pain*.
famine, Peſt, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
broils, *Oppreſſion*, with her heart
in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
age diſinherited of day,
ng'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made.
ings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
acr'd to the galling oar for life;
the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
hard maſters, broken under arms,

In

w . ning *hospitals* eject their dead !
ıat numbers groan for ſad admiſſion th
ıat numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high
icit the cold hand of charity !
ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain !
ſilken ſons of pleaſure ! ſince in pains
ı rue more modiſh viſits, viſit *here*,
d breathe from your debauch : *give*, a
ſcit's dominion o'er you : but ſo great
ır impudence, you bluſh at what is rigl
lappy ! did ſorrow ſeize on *ſuch* alone.
prudence can defend, or *virtue* ſave ;
ıaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance ;
l puniſhment the guiltleſs ; and alarm,
ough thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond
n's caution often into danger turns ;
l his guard, falling, cruſhes him to de
happineſs itſelf makes good her name ;
very wiſhes give us not our wiſh

t hoſtilities, without a foe!
oes wanting to the beſt on earth.
:ſs is the liſt of human ills,
s might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.
how ſmall of the terraqueous globe
:d by man! the reſt a *waſte*,
eſarts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands:
ınts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.
urth's melancholy map! but, far
! this earth is a true map of *man*.
ed are its haughty lord's *delights*
wide empire; where deep *troubles* toſs,
ows howl, invenom'd *paſſions* bite,
calamities our vitals ſeize,
ıtening *fate* wide opens to devour.
hen am I, who ſorrow for *myſelf?*
ı infancy, from others' aid
hope; to teach us to be *kind*.
ure's *firſt*, *laſt* leſſon to mankind;
h heart deſerves the pain it feels.
.erous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
'cious virtue mitigates the pang.
e, more than *prudence*, bids me give
ɔught a *ſecond* channel; who divide,
ıken too, the torrent of their grief.
ı, O *World!* thy much-indebted tear:
a ſigh is human happineſs,
whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour!
whate'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?

I know

w, *ſmiler!* at thy peril art thou pleas u
pleaſure is the promiſe of thy pain.
ortune, like a creditor ſevere,
riſes in demand for her delay;
makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,
ſting thee more, and double thy diſtreſs
orenzo, fortune makes her court to thee
y fond heart dances, while the *Syren* ſin
ır is thy welfare; think me not unkind
ould not damp, but to ſecure thy joys.
ink not that *fear* is ſacred to the ſtorm:
nd on thy guard againſt the *ſmiles* of fa
heaven tremendous in its frowns? Moſt
ıd in its favours formidable too:
favours here are trials, not rewards;
call to duty, not diſcharge from care;
nd ſhould alarm us, full as much as wo
wake us to their *cauſe* and *conſequence*;

Beware what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than an *immortal* baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy laſt ſigh
Diſſolv'd the charm; the diſenchanted earth
Loſt all her luſtre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waſte; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician 's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-caſt earth, in darkneſs! what a change
From yeſterday! Thy darling hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition fluſh'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praiſe. *Death's* ſubtle ſeed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted ſcheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foreſight is *conditionally* wiſe;
Lorenzo! wiſdom into folly turns
Oft, the firſt inſtant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *preſent* moment terminates our ſight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on doomſday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we prophecy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "Where eternity begins."

Is ſure to none; and yet on this
This *peradventure*, infamous for
As on a rock of adamant, we bu
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out et
As we the fatal ſiſters could out-
And, big with life's futurities, e
Not ev'n Philander had beſpok
Nor had he cauſe; a warning wa
How many fall as ſudden, not as
As ſudden, though for years adm
Of human ills the laſt extreme be
Beware, Lorenzo! a *ſlow ſudden*
How dreadful that deliberate ſurp
Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to d
Next day the fatal precedent will
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd ou
Procraſtination is the thief of tim
Year after year it ſteals, till all ar

For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They one day ſhall not drivel: and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their *future* ſelves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wiſdom* they conſign;
The thing they can't but *purpoſe*, they *poſtpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human *wiſdom* to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that through every ſtage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Unanxious for *ourſelves*; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our *fathers* were more wiſe.
At *thirty* man *ſuſpects* himſelf a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to *reſolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but Themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where, paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;

And the *lark* liſten to my *midnigh*

The ſprightely *lark's* ſhrill matin

Grief's ſharpeſt thorn hard preſſin

I ſtrive, with wakeful melody, to

The ſullen gloom, ſweet Philome

And call the ſtars to liſten: every

Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of th

Yet be not vain; there are, who

And charm through diſtant ages:

Priſoner of darkneſs! to the ſilent

How often I repeat their rage divi

To lull my griefs, and ſteal my h

I roll their raptures, but not catc

Dark, though not blind, like thee

Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I r

Or *His*, who made Mæonides our

Man too He ſung: *immortal* man

Oft burſts my ſong beyond the bou

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"*WHEN the Cock crew, he wept*"—ſmote by that eye,
Which looks on me, on all: That pow'r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the dead,
Rouſe ſouls from ſlumber, into thoughts of heaven.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he ſees the light;
He that is born, is liſted, life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it beſt,
Deſerves it leaſt.—On *other* themes I 'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt thy need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's duſt. He *thus*, though dead,
May ſtill befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous price*,

I know thou ſay'ſt it: Says th
He mourns the dead, who live
Where is that thirſt, that avari
(O glorious avarice!) thought
As rumour'd robberies endear
O *Time!* than gold more ſacre
Than lead, to fools; and fool
What *moment* granted man wit
What *years* are ſquander'd, w
Our wealth in days, all due to
Haſte, haſte, he lies in wait, h
Inſidious *Death!* ſhould his ſtr
No compoſition ſets the priſone
Eternity's inexorable chain
Faſt binds; and vengeance clai
How late I ſhudder'd on the
Life call'd for her laſt refuge ir
That *Time* is ıe, O Mead!

iink'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
not rich in *Time*, it may be poor;
h it as with money, ſparing; pay
ient, but in purchaſe of its worth;
iat its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
h it as with life, reluctant; big
)ly hope of nobler time to come;
gher aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *mark*
and angels; virtue more divine.
s our *duty*, *wiſdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
eaven benign in vital union binds)
)rt we like the natives of the bough,
ernal ſuns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
;reat demand: To trifle, is to live:
it then a trifle, too, to die?
ſay'ſt I *preach*, Lorenzo, 'tis confeſt.
', for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
ints *amuſement*: in the flame of battle?
treaſon, to the ſoul *immortal*,
in arms, eternity the prize?
/s amuſe, when medicines cannot cure?
)irits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
iſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
s, and cities with their glittering ſpires,
)oor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there?
/s amuſe? No: Thrones will then be toys,
th and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
/t we time?—Its loſs we dearly buy.
leads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd ſports?

In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the bleſt art of turning all to gol
This, the *good* heart's prerogative to rai
A royal tribute from the pooreſt hours;
Immenſe revenue! every moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpoſe* in thy po
Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed
Who does the beſt his circumſtance allc
Does well, acts nobly; angels could n
Our *outward* act indeed admits reſtrain
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domi
Guard well thy thought; our thought
heaven.

On all important *Time*, through ever
Though much, and warm, the wiſe have
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hou
"*I've liſt a day*"—the prince who nob

om the *bleſſing* we poſſeſs?
reme!—Time is Eternity;
h all eternity can give;
h all, that makes archangels ſmile.
's time, he cruſhes in the birth
ereal, only *not* ador'd.
unjuſt to nature and himſelf,
's, thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
babbling nonſenſe in their ſports,
nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
o ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
ntion, all expedients tire,
ingering moments into ſpeed,
s (happy riddance!) from ourſelves.
's *Art!* our furious charioteer
s voice unſtifled would recall)
ong towards the precipice of death;
our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
die of abſurdity!
n; takes off our chariot wheels;
we drag the load of life!
s our curſe; like that of Cain,
wander; wander earth around
yrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
eneath, we groan beneath an hour.
nercy to the next amuſement;
uſement mortgages our fields;
'enience! priſons hardly frown,
Time if priſons ſet us free.
eath kindly tenders us relief,

But his broad pinions ſwifter
And all mankind, in contradi
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on hi
Leave to thy foes theſe erro
To nature juſt, their *Cauſe* an
Not ſhort heaven's bounty, bo
No niggard, nature; men are
We *waſte*, not *uſe* our time;
Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *us'd*
And *bare exiſtence*, man, to *li*
Wrings, and oppreſſes with en
And why? ſince *Time* was give
Injoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, ti
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wai
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſu
That man might *feel* his error,
And, feeling, fly to labour for
Not, blundering, ſplit on idlene

Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle, with *Great Nature's Plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom-broil;
We puſh *Time* from us, and we wiſh him back;
Lavish of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; *Death* ſeek, and ſhun:
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *paſt*,
And time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cauſe and cure are ſeen: See next
Time's *Nature*, *Origin*, *Importance*, *Speed*;
And thy great *Gain* from urging his career.—
All-ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing elſe
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's—Time 's a god.

Haſt

.....s ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous
When the Dread Sire, on emanatio
And big with nature, rising in his r
Call'd forth creation (for then *Time*
By Godhead streaming through a th
Not on *those terms*, from the great d
From old eternity's mysterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath
The skies, which watch him in his n
Measuring his motions by revolving
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years,
Like numerous wings around him, a
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they
His ample pinions, swift as darted fl
To gain his goal, to reach his antien
And join anew *Eternity* his sire;
In his *immutability* to rest,

t thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
es from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too ſoon
livorce this double flight muſt end:
:n, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then
)rts? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a ſtate
mbitious; in the *ruffled* ſhroud,
rian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
ith his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.
-array'd! ye lilies of our land!
male! who neither toil, nor ſpin,
:r lilies *might)* if not ſo wiſe
mon, more ſumptuous to the ſight!
ate! who nothing can ſupport,
ves moſt inſupportable! for whom
ıter roſe muſt blow, the ſun put on
ıter beam in Leo; ſilky-ſoft
ıs breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
ıer worlds ſend odours, ſauce, and ſong,
)es, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
)renzos of our age! who deem
ment unamus'd, a miſery
de for feeble man! who call aloud
:y bawble drivel'd o'er by ſenſe;
les, and conceits of every caſt,
nge of follies, and relays of joy,
; your patient through the tedious length
ort winter's *day*—ſay, ſages! ſay,
racles! ſay, dreamers of gay dreams!

How

And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'
Unmark'd;—ſee, from behind her
The ſly informer minutes every faul
And her dread diary with horror fil
Not the groſs *Act* alone employs he
She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable ſpy
Liſtening, o'erhears the whiſpers of
Our dawning purpoſes of heart exp
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomſday-book from all-con
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere,
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable *Time*
Unnoted, notes each moment miſap
In leaves more durable than leaves
Writes our whole hiſtory; which *I*
In every pale delinquent's private e

ıy on *Time* ſo laviſh is my ſong?
reat *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a ſchool,
her ſons herſelf. Each night we die,
n are born anew: Each day, a life!
. we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills;
muſt butcher. O what heaps of ſlain
or vengeance on us! *Time* deſtroy'd
, where more than *Blood* is ſpilt.
s, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
ıtens: All exerts; in effort, all;
ı creation labours!—labours *more?*
ıere in creation what, amidſt
ult univerſal, wing'd diſpatch,
ıt energy, ſupinely yawns?—
ɔs; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whoſe fate,
'erſible, intire, extreme,
hair-hung, breeze-ſhaken, o'er the gulph
nt trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
is in alarm! *Man*, the ſole cauſe
ırrounding ſtorm! and yet he ſleeps,
orm rock'd to reſt.—Throw *Years* away?
Empires, and be blameleſs. Moments ſeize;
s on their wing: A moment we may wiſh,
orlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* ſtand ſtill,
drive back his car, and reimport
od paſt, re-give the given hour.
more than miracles we want;
—O for yeſterdays to come!
s the language of the man *awake*;
ur ſuch, for what *oppreſſes* thee.

And

And reinſtate us on ...
Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate
Nor, like its elder ſiſters, die a fool
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and ſtain us deeper ſtill
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pa
More wretched for the clemencies o
Where ſhall I find *Him?* Angels
You know him: He is near you: Pe
Shall I ſee glories beaming from hi
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing
Your golden wings, *now* hovering
Protection; now, are waving in a
To that bleſt ſon of foreſight! lo
That awful independent on *To-m*
Whoſe *work is done*; who triun
Whoſe *Yeſterdays* look backward
Nor, like the Parthian, wound
... but opprobriou

rk-priſon'd all that ought to ſoar;
ıe centre; crawling in the duſt;
d every great and glorious aim;
every faculty divine;
'd in the rubbiſh of the world.
, that gulph of ſouls, immortal ſouls,
te, angelic, wing'd with fire
ıe diſtant ſkies, and triumph there
, which ſhall not mourn their maſters chang'd;
: from *Earth*; *Ethereal*, they that fell.
ation due, O man, to man.
ate themſelves, the world deſpiſe.
gay friend! is this *eſcutcheon'd* world,
gs out Death in one eternal night;
nat glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
our thought, at banquets, in the ſhroud?
ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
he grave above; that home of man,
lls the multitude: We gaze around;
eir monuments; we ſigh; and while
'e ſink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
or lamented, all our lot!
it diſtance? No: He has been on thee,
ſure earneſt of his final blow.
s that lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
ought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd
t deep, which nothing diſembogues!
;, they bequeath'd thee ſmall renown.
on the wing: How fleet their flight!
, the fatal train took fire;

A mo-

If *Wiſdom's* friend, her beſt; if not,
O reconcile them! Kind *Experience*
" There 's nothing here, but what a
" The more our joy, the more we k
" And by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſp
Nor *is* it only thus, but *muſt* be ſo.
Who knows not this, though grey,
Looſe then from earth the graſp of f
Weigh anchor, and ſome happier cli
Art thou ſo moor'd thou canſt not
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to futur
Since, by *Life's* paſſing breath, blov
Light, as the ſummer's duſt, we tak
A moment's giddy flight, and fall a
Join the dull maſs, increaſe the troc
And ſleep, till earth herſelf ſhall be
Since *then* (as emmets, their ſmall
We, ſore amaz'd, from out earth's

oſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
not each *dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
ous, as the *written wall*, which ſtruck,
idnight bowls, the proud Aſſyrian pale,
ile high-fluſht with inſolence and wine?
at, the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
)! loth to break thy banquet up,
an, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade."
.t language ſuch: nor need'ſt thou call
agi, to decypher what it means.
like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
:, *How? Whence?* Belſhazzar-like, amaz'd?
make incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
ds the murderer: Ingrate! he thrives
own meal, and then his nurſe devours.
ıere, Lorenzo, the deluſion lies;
ler ſhadow, as it meaſures life,
eſembles too: life ſpeeds away
oint to point, though ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
nning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
ɔtle is the movement to be ſeen;
n man's hour is up, and we are gone.
ɔs point out our danger; Gnomons, time:
ɔ are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet:
, but when more glorious *Reaſon* ſhines.
ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
dentary ſhadow travels hard.
h our gravitation to the wrong,
e our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,

In furrow'd brows.
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a pla
We take fair days in winter, for the ſp
And turn our blessings into bane. Sin
Man muſt *compute* that age he cannot *f*
He ſcarce believes he 's older for his ye
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtc
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the
The diſappointment of a promis'd hou
On *This*, or ſimilar, Philander! tho
Whoſe mind was moral, as the preach
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience, wort
How often we talk'd down the ſumm
And cool'd our paſſions by the breez
How often thaw'd and ſhorten'd wint
By conflict kind, that ſtruck out late
Beſt found, ſo ſought; to the *Recluſ*
Thoughts diſentangle paſſing o'er th
the thread; if not, 'tis t

Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good Senſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or droſs;
When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool.
In *Contemplation* is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converſe* unſuſtain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* field;
Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and *emulation's* ſpur

Wiſdom, though richer than Peruvian
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial
What is ſhe, but the means of *Happin*
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fo
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, rich
The precious end, which makes our v
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchang
Joy flies monopoliſts: it calls for Tr
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pl
Needful anxiliars are our friends, t
To *ſocial* man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves, deſcending in a
Pleaſure's bright beam is feeble in
Delight intenſe is taken by rebound
Reverbe[illegible] pleaſures fire the brea

Hearts melt, but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in *Reaſon*; paſſion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life;
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever;
Of *Friendſhip's* faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *Friendſhip*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious ſurvivor of old *Time* and *Death!*
From Friendſhip, thus, that flower of heavenly ſeed;
The wiſe extract earth's moſt Hyblean bliſs,
Superior wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling joy.
But for whom bloſſoms this Elyſian *flower?*
Abroad They find, who cheriſh it at *Home*.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies faſten on the *Great*,
None clings more obſtinate than fancy fond
That ſacred friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or faſcination of a high-born ſmile.
Their ſmiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own;
And we no leſs of ours, when *ſuch* the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendſhip? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.

wi ir (ſince daring on ſ
I ſhew t : friendſhip Delicat
Of tender violations apt to di
Reſerve will wound it; and *L*
Deliberate in all things with t
But ſince friends grow not thi
Nor every friend unrotten at tl
Firſt, on thy friend, deliberat
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not Eage
Nor Jealous of the choſen; F
Judge before friendſhip, then c
Well, for thy friend; but nob
How gallant danger for earth's
A friend is worth all hazards w
" Poor is the friendleſs maſter
" A world in purchaſe for a fri
So ſu He (angels hear that
Angels n friendſhip gather h
So ſung Philo

:h was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
:vating ſpirit, of a friend,
nty ſummers ripening by my ſide;
ılence of falſehood long thrown down;
al virtues riſing in his ſoul,
tal clear; and ſmiling as they riſe!
:ſtar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight;
the taſte, and genuine from the heart
ur'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare!
h ow *loſt!*—Philander is no more.
k'ſt thou the theme intoxicates my ſong?
oo warm?—Too warm I cannot be.
him much; but now I love him more.
ds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half-conceal'd,
ıounted on the wing, their gloſſy plumes
ed ſhine with azure, green, and gold;
:ſſings brighten as they take their flight!
ht Philander took; his upward flight,
ſoul aſcended. Had he dropt,
:agle genius!) O had he let fall
ther as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
:iends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
ſcarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve.
at I can, I muſt: it were profane
nch a glory lighted at the ſkies,
ſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
l the theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
ıtous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung!
t it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,

Dare I preſume, then? but Philand
And glory tempts, and inclination cal
Yet am I ſtruck; as ſtruck the ſoul, b
Aërial *Groves* impenetratable glo
Or, in ſome mighty *Ruin's* ſolem ſha
Or, gazing by pa lamps on *high-bor*
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatt
Or, at the midnight *Altar's* hallow'd
Is it religion to proceed? I pauſe—
And enter, aw'd, the mple of my t
Is it his death-bed? No: it is his ſhr
Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a go

The chamber where the good man
Is privileg'd beyond the common wall
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge o
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the ch
That threw in this Bethesda your diſ

an; you ſee his hold on heaven;
rtue; as Philander's, ſound.
ɔt the laſt moment; owns her friends
ıth; and points them out to men,
t, but of ſovereign power!
ſion; and to virtue, peace.
the boaſtful hero plays,
ı majeſty in death;
l, the more the tyrant frowns.
everely frown'd on thee.
given! Unceremonious fate!
ſh from life's meridian joy!
ɔm all we *love!* from all we *are!*
of pain! a plunge opaque
ɛture! feeble *Nature's* dread!
r's ſhudder at the dark unknown!
uiſht! a juſt-opening grave!
laſt, laſt, what? (can words expreſs?
ch it?) the laſt—*Silence* of a friend!"
: horrors, that amazement, where,
oup of ills, which *jingly* ſhock,
ıan?—I thought him man till *now*.
ure's wreck, through vanquiſht agonies,
ruggling through this midnight gloom)
joy! what more than human peace!
l mortal? the poor abject worm?
h, the *Mortal* to be found.
legacy for All.
mmon's for his ſingle heir.
ıe comforts; Great in ruin,

With

lence
, God ſuſtains him in his final hour
s final hour brings glory to his God!
an's glory heaven vouchſafes to ca[illegible]he
'e gaze, we weep; mixt tears of grief
.mazement ſtrikes! devotion burſts to
brit[illegible]ans Adore! and *Infidels* Believe.
As ſome tall tower, or lofty mountain
Detains the ſun, Illuſtrious from its he
While riſing vapours, and deſcending
With damps, and darkneſs, drown the
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by d
Philander, thus, auguſtly rears [illegible] h
At that bl[illegible]k hour, which general h
On the low level of th' inglorious th
Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him fo
th incommunicable luſtre, brigh

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

" Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes."

VIRG.

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *Reaſon*, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the deſtin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment ſworn,
I keep my aſſignation with my woe.
O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul!
Who think it ſolitude, to be Alone.
Communion ſweet! communion large and high!
Our *Reaſon*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God!*
Then neareſt Theſe, when Others moſt remote;
And All, ere long, ſhall be remote, *but* Theſe.
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,
A ſtranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breaſt;
To wed thy wiſh, creation has no more.

Or

And ſings falſe peace, till ſmoth
My fortune is unlike; unlike my
Unlike the deity my ſong invoke:
I to *Day's* ſoft-ey'd ſiſter pay my
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid
Now firſt implor'd in ſuccour to t

Thou, who didſt lately borrow
And modeſtly forego thine Own!
Who didſt thyſelf, at midnight h
Say, why not Cynthia patroneſs c
As thou her creſcent, ſhe thy char
Aſſumes; ſtill more a goddeſs by

Are there demurring wits, who
This revolution in the world *inſpir*
Ye train Pierian! to the *Lunar* ſph
In ſilent hour, addreſs your ardent
For aid immortal; leſs her brother
She, with t ſpheres harmonious

guſt, fair Portland of the ſkies!
oft inchantment calls thee down,
ful than of old Circean charm?
from heavenly banquets with thee bring
ſong, and whiſper in my ear
vine; or in propitious dreams
are Thine) transfuſe it through the breaſt
votary—But not thy laſt;
Nameſake, thou art ever kind.
thou wilt be; kind on ſuch a theme;
like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
, melancholy, female, fair!
t roſe all pale, and told my ſoul,
; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
ch ſtruck a damp, a deadlier damp,
hich ſmote me from Philander's tomb.
ows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
; rare are *ſolitary* woes;
train, they tread each other's heel;
vades *his* mournful right, and claims
at ſtarted from my lids for Him:
ithless, alienated tear,
ere it falls. So frequent death,
ore than cauſes, he confounds;
ighs his rival ſtrokes contend,
liſtreſs, diſtraction. Oh Philander!
hy fate? A double fate to me;
l pain! a menace, and a blow!
ck raven hovering o'er my peace,
rd of omen, than of prey.

And Young as beautiful! and Soft as
And Gay as ſoft! and Innocent as gay
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as
For fortune fond had built her neſt on
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and
Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty n
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe
And left it unharmonious! All its ch
Extinguiſht in the wonders of her ſon
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſht ea
Still melting there, and with voluptuo
(O to forget her!) thrilling through m
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue,
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bin
Kneel, and preſent it to the ſkies; as
We gueſs of heaven: and *theſe* were
And ſhe was mine; and I was—*was*

er! pity ſwells the tide of love.
not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
proud man that is aſham'd to weep;
indulg'd indeed deſerve our ſhame.
'er loſt an angel! pity me.
t the luſtre languiſht in her eye,
a dimmer day on human ſight;
ıer cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
n ſat; and ſcatter'd fears around
at ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
e hath ſeen?) with haſte, parental haſte,
ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
e bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
: her nearer to the ſun; the ſun
e ſun could envy) checkt his beam,
is wonted ſuccour; nor with more
:held her drooping, than the bells
; faireſt lilies, not ſo fair!
lilies! and ye painted populace!
:ll in fields, and lead ambroſial lives;
and evening dew, your beauties bathe,
k the ſun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
·bluſh (*mine* excepted) every fair;
llier grew, ambitious of her hand,
ften cropt your odours, incenſe meet
;ht ſo pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
ıce with man! for man you ſmile;
ſmile *at* him too? You ſhare indeed
en paſs; but not his conſtant pain.

So

Rapture? Bold Man! [illegible]
By plucking fruit denied to [illegible]ortal ta
While *here*, preſuming on the rights
For tranſport doſt thou call on every
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence, b
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee
A broken reed, at beſt; but, oft, a
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and
Turn, hopeleſs thought! turn fro
repell'd
Reſenting rallies, and wakes every
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy b
And when kind fortune, with thy l
And when high flavour'd thy freſh
And when blind man pronounc'd th
And on a foreign ſhore; where ſtra
Strangers to Thee; and, more ſurp
Strangers to Kindneſs, wept: thei
Inhuman tears! ſtrange te[illegible]rs! that

ſighs incens'd; ſighs foreign to the will!
ill the *tiger* ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal!
inful fleſh relented, *ſpirit* nurſt
infallibility's embrace,
ited ſpirit petrify'd the breaſt;
the charity of duſt, to ſpread
t! a charity their dogs enjoy.
ould I do? What ſuccour? What reſource?
ous ſacrilege, a grave I ſtole;
npious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
i my duty; coward in my grief!
ke her murderer, than friend, I crept,
oft-ſuſpended ſtep, and muffled deep
ight darkneſs, *whiſper'd* my laſt ſigh.
er'd what ſhould echo through their realms;
it her name, whoſe tomb ſhould pierce the ſkies.
ptuous fear! How durſt I dread her foes,
ature's loudeſt dictates I obey'd?
neceſſity, bleſt ſhade! Of grief
dignation rival burſts I pour'd;
tceration mingled with my prayer;
d at man, while I his God ador'd;
udg'd the ſavage land her ſacred duſt;
the curſt ſoil; and with humanity
d Narciſſa) wiſh'd them all a grave.
vs my reſentment into guilt? What guilt
ual violations of the dead?
:ad how ſacred! Sacred is the duſt
i heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!

When man can wreak his ra
That ſtrongeſt curb on inſul
Then, ſpleen to *duſt*? the di
An angel's duſt?—This Lu
When he contended for the
'Twas not the ſtrife of malice
The ſtrife of pontiff pride, n
For leſs than This is ſhoc
Moſt *wretched*, but from ſti
And *uncreated*, but for love
And, but for love divine, t
By fate reſorb'd, and ſunk i
Man hard of heart to man!
Moſt horrid! 'Mid ſtupendo
Yet oft his courteſies are ſmc
Pride brandiſhes the favours
And contumelious his huma
What then his vengeance? H

Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign ſaves all beings, but himſelf,
That hideous ſight, a *naked* human heart.
Fir'd is the Muſe? And let the Muſe be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels,
And in the nerve moſt tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes:
He felt the truths I ſing, and I in Him.
But He, nor I, feel more: paſt ills, Narciſſa!
Are ſunk in Thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that ſwarm'd
O'er thy diſtinguiſh'd fate, and, cluſtering There
Thick as the locuſts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumſtance with aſpics arm'd?
An aſpic, Each! and All, an Hydra woe:
What ſtrong Herculean virtue could ſuffice?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own *diſtinct* diſtreſs;
And each diſtreſs, diſtinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief ſtill more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone ſuch obſequies deplore;
They make Mankind the mourner; carry ſighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;

(Dread day!) that interdicts
That ſubterranean world, tha
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for prou
There let my thought expatiat
Balſamic truths, and healing
Of all moſt wanted, and moſ
For gay Lorenzo's ſake, and
My ſoul! "The fruits of dy
"Expoſe the *vain* of life; w
"Give death his eulogy; th
"And labour that firſt palm
"A manly ſcorn of terror fr
This harveſt reap from thy
As poets feign'd from Ajax'
Aroſe, with grief inſcrib'd, a
Let wiſdom bloſſom from my
And *firſt*, of dying friends; w
It brings us more than triple
To chaſe

ross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
elcome, as *safe*, our port from every storm.
ach friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
luck'd from the wing of human vanity,
hich makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
nd, dampt with omen of our own decease,
n drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
st skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
nd save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
re angels sent on errands full of love;
r us they languish, and for us they die:
nd shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
grateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
hich wait the revolution in our hearts?
all we disdain their silent, soft address;
eir posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
aseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
ead under-foot their agonies and groans;
ustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
ve it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
at kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
d still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
spicious æra! golden days, begin!
e thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
d why not think on death? Is life the theme
every thought? and wish of every hour?
d song of every joy? Surprising truth!

No maiden re...
On cold ſerv'd repetitions he ſubſiſts,
And in the taſteleſs *preſent* chews the
Diſguſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwall
Like laviſh anceſtors, his earlier years
Have diſinherited his future hours,
Which ſtarve on *orts*, and *glean* their
Live ever here, Lorenzo!—ſhockir
So ſhocking, they who wiſh, diſown
Diſown from ſhame, what they from
Live ever in the womb, nor ſee the
For what live ever here?—With lab
To tread our former footſteps? Pac
Eternal? To climb life's worn, hea
Which draws up nothing new? To b
The beaten track? To bid each wre
The former mock? To ſurfeit on th
And yawn our joys? Or thank a m
For change, though ſad? To ſee wh

ll-ground, and worſe concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of exceſs!
till-ſtreaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, leſt death ſhould ſnatch the bowl.
Such of our *fine-ones* is the wiſh refin'd!
o would they have it: elegant deſire!
Why not invite the bellowing ſtalls, and wilds?
ut ſuch examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
Though on *bright thought* they father all their flights)
o what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The ſame vain world; to cenſure, and eſpouſe,
This painted ſhrew of life, who calls them fool
ach moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worſe; to cling to this rude rock,
arren, *to them*, of good, and ſharp with ills,
nd hourly blacken'd with impending ſtorms,
nd infamous for wrecks of human hope—
car'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
uch are their triumphs! ſuch their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to ſhift this diſmal ſcene.
his *hugg'd*, this *hideous* ſtate, what art can cure?
ne only; but that one, what all may reach;
irtue—ſhe, wonder-working goddeſs! charms
hat *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted ſhrew*;
nd, what will more ſurprize, Lorenzo! gives
o life's ſick, nauſeous *iteration*, change;
nd ſtraightens nature's circle to a line.
eliev'ſt thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
patient ear, thou 'lt bluſh to diſbelieve.

Which reliſh fruits unripen'd by the
Make their days various; various as
On the dove's neck, which wanton ii
On minds of dove-like innocence pol
On lighten'd minds, that baſk in virt
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old*
In *that*, for which they long; for wl
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with l
Each riſing morning ſees ſtill higher
Each bounteous dawn its novelty pr
To worth maturing, *new* ſtrength,
While nature's circle, like a chariot
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair proſpect fairer ever
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliſs*
Virtue, which Chriſtian motives beſt
And *bliſs*, which Chriſtian ſchemes
And ſhall we then, for virtue's ſake

Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our paſſage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worſe than nought;
A neſt of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like ſome fair humouriſts, life is moſt enjoy'd,
When courted leaſt; moſt worth, when diſeſteem'd:
Then 'tis the ſeat of comfort, rich in peace;
In proſpect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with ſhouts of praiſe!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty baſis of eternal bliſs!
Where now the *barren rock?* the *painted ſhrew?*
Where now, Lorenzo! life's *eternal round?*
Have I not made my triple promiſe good?
Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying ſcene,
Whoſe worth ambiguous riſes, and declines?
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*
Aſſiſts me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herſelf, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* luſtre from a higher ſphere.
When groſs guilt interpoſes, labouring earth,
O'erſhadow'd, mourns a deep eclipſe of joy;
Her joys, at brighteſt, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory diſtant: Oh Lorenzo!
A good man, and an angel! theſe between

How

Starts timid nature at the gloomy
The *ſoft tranſition* call it; and be
Such it is often, and why not to
To hope the beſt, is pious, brave,
And may itſelf *procure*, what it *p*
Life is much flatter'd, death is m
Compare the rivals, and the kinde
" *Strange competition!*"—True, I
So little *Life* can caſt into the ſcal
Life makes the ſoul dependent o
Death gives her wings to mount ab
Through chinks, ſtyl'd organs, dim
Death burſts th' involving cloud, a
All eye, all ear, the diſembody'd
Death has feign'd evils, *nature* ſha
Life, ills ſubſtantial, *wiſdom* cann
Is not the mighty *mind*, that ſon of
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, impriſon'

h *death* puts out, and darkens human race."
Lorenzo! this indictment juſt:
e, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
ımbles theſe; more barbarous *life*, the *man*.
ıe triumph of our mouldering clay;
ıf the ſpirit infinite! divine!
ıs no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
has *life* to boaſt, till death can give
ter; *life* 's a debtor to the grave,
tice! letting in eternal day.
:o! bluſh at *fondneſs* for a *life*,
:nds celeſtial ſouls on errands vile,
for the ſenſe; and ſerve at boards,
very ranger of the wilds, perhaps
tile, juſtly claims our upper hand.
ıs feaſt! a ſoul, a ſoul immortal,
: dainties of a brute bemir'd!
! bluſh at *terror* for a *death*,
ives thee to repoſe in feſtive bowers,
ectars ſparkle, angels miniſter,
:e than angels ſhare, and raiſe, and crown,
nize, the birth, bloom, burſts of bliſs.
ed I more? O *death*, the palm is thine.
welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
diſeaſe; diſeaſe, though long my gueſt;
cks my nerves, thoſe tender ſtrings of life;
›luck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
s my few friends to my funeral;
eble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,

While

That ills corroſive, cares impe
Are not *immortal* too, O deatl
Our day of diſſolution!—nam
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis o
And ripe: what though the ſic
Juſt fears us as we reap the gol
More than thy balm, O Gilea
Birth's feeble cry, and *death's*
Are ſlender tributes low-tax'd
For mighty gain: the gain of
But O! the laſt the former ſo t
Life dies, compar'd; *Life* lives

And feel I, *death!* no joy fr
Death, the great counſellor, wl
With every nobler thought, an
Death, the deliverer, who reſcu
Death, the rewarder, who the r
Death, that abſolves my birth:

es, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
hough priſon'd there, my duſt too I reclaim,
To duſt when drop proud nature's proudeſt ſpheres)
nd live *intire*. Death is the crown of life:
ere death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
ere death deny'd, to live would not be life;
ere death deny'd, ev'n fools would wiſh to die.
ath wounds to cure: we fall; we riſe; we reign!
ring from our fetters; faſten in the ſkies;
here blooming Eden withers in our ſight:
ath gives us more than was in Eden loſt.
is king of terrors is the prince of peace.
hen ſhall I die to vanity, pain, death?
hen ſhall I *die?*—When ſhall I live for ever?

CONTAINING

Our only Cure for the Fear of I
Sentiments of that ineſtimat

TO

THE HONOURABLE M

A Much-indebted Muſe, O Yo
Amid the ſmiles of fortune,
Thine ear is patient of a ſerious ſo
How deep implanted in the breaſt o
The dread of death! I ſing its ſov
Why ſtart at death? Where is h
Is paſt; not come, or gone, he 's
Ere *hope*, *ſenſation* fails; black-bo
Receives, not *ſuffers*, death's trem
The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock

were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
dent, age ſhould meet the friendly foe,
ıelter in his hoſpitable gloom.
ɛ can meet a monument, but holds
unger; every date cries—"Come away."
hat recalls me? Look the world around,
ill me what: the wiſeſt cannot tell.
any born of woman give his thought
ıge, on juſt *diſlike's* unbounded field;
ngs, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
in the *beſt*; the many, flaw all o'er;
ards, ſpotted, or, as Ethiops, dark;
ıus *ill*; *good* dying immature;
immature, Narciſſa's marble tells!)
: his death bequeathing endleſs pain;
ırt, though bold, would ſicken at the ſight,
ıend itſelf in ſighs, for *future* ſcenes.
grant to life (and juſt it is to grant
ky life) ſome perquiſites of joy;
: there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
ifled life of ſweet can yield no more,
ım our *comment* on the comedy,
g *reflections* on parts well ſuſtain'd,
pos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
es of plaudits from our candid Judge,
on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
rtune back her tinſel, and her plume,
rop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.
ı me, that time is come; my world is dead;
world riſes, and new manners reign:

Foreign

Of old ſo gracious (and let th
My very maſter knows me not
Shall I dare ſay, peculiar is
I 've been ſo long remember'd,
An object ever preſſing dims t
And hides behind its ardour t
When in his courtiers ears I p
They drink it as the nectar of
And ſqueeze my hand, and b
Refuſal! canſt thou wear a ſmo
Indulge me, nor conceive I
Who cheapens life, abates the
Twice told the period ſpent on
Court favour, yet untaken, I
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to
Alas! ambition makes my littl
Embittering the poſſeſt: Why
Wiſhing, of all employments, i

at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
ıpler diet; gifts of rural life!
ɔe that hand divine, which gently laid
rt at reſt, beneath this humble ſhed.
rld 's a ſtately bark, on dangerous ſeas,
eaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril;
n a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
ıe tumult of the diſtant throng,
of ſeas remote, or dying ſtorms:
ditate on ſcenes, more ſilent ſtill;
ny theme, and fight the *Fear of Death.*
ke a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
ıg his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
mbition's fiery chace I ſee;
circling hunt, of noiſy men,
w's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
g, and purſued, each other's prey;
ves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
ath, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
ıough we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame?
higheſt ſtation ends in, "Here he lies,"
duſt to duſt" concludes her nobleſt ſong.
ong lives, poſterity ſhall know
ıough in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
ought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
ure vacancies in church or ſtate;
ocation deeming it—to die,

ſtrike deeper their vile roo
Still more enamour'd of tl
Shall our pale, wither'd ha
Trembling, at once, with
With avarice and convulſio
Graſping at air! for what l
Man wants but little; nor
How ſoon muſt he reſign hi
Which frugal nature lent hi
Years *unexperienc'd* ruſh on
And ſoon as man, *expert* fr
The *key* of life, it opes the
When in this vale of yea
And miſs ſuch numbers, nu
Firmer in health, and greene
And ſtricter on their guard,
To play life's ſubtle game, I
I ſtill ſurvive: and am I fonc
Who ſcarce can th

And *vapid*; *Senſe* and *Reaſon* ſhew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the duſt.
O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day,
And triumph in exiſtence; and could know
No motive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
I truſt in thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!
Though *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repreſt;
Still frowns grim *Death*; guilt points the tyrant's ſpear.
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Oh me! too long I ſet at nought the ſwarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And ſmil'd, unſmitten: ſmall my cauſe to ſmile!
Death's admonitions, like ſhafts upwards ſhot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They ſtrike our hearts, the deeper is their wound;
I think how deep, Lorenzo! *here* it ſtings:
Who can appeaſe its anguiſh? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my ſight undaunted on the tomb?

Draw the dire ſteel—ah no! th
What heart or can ſuſtain, or
There hangs all human hope;
The falling univerſe: that gon
Horror receives us, and the diſt
Creation had been ſmother'd in
Darkneſs his curtain, and his l
When ſtars and ſun are duſt be
In heaven itſelf can ſuch indulg
O what a groan was there! a gr
He ſeiz'd our dreadful right; th
And heav'd the mountain from
A thouſand worlds, *ſo* bought,
Senſations *new* in angels boſom
Suſpend their ſong; and make a
O for *their* ſong; to reach my
Inſpire me, *Night!* with all thy
Whilſt I with *ſeraphs* ſhare ſwan

ded deity on human weal?"
great truths, which burſt the tenfold night
en error, with a golden flood
ſs day: to feel, is to be fir'd;
ielieve, Lorenzo! is to feel.
moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous Power!
e tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
ıs, which awe more aweful, thy commands;
l tranſgreſſion dips in ſevenfold night!
hearts tremble at thy love immenſe!
mmenſe, inviolably juſt!
ıther than thy *juſtice* ſhould be ſtain'd,
n the *Croſs*; and work of wonders far
.teſt, that thy deareſt far might bleed.
hought! ſhall I dare ſpeak it, or repreſs?
nan more *execrate*, or *boaſt*, the guilt
ıus'd ſuch vengeance? which ſuch love inflam'd?
t (how mountainous!) with out-ſtretch'd arms,
'ice and ſoft-ſmiling *love* embrace,
ıg, in full majeſty, thy throne,
em'd its majeſty to need ſupport,
or *man*, inevitably loſt;
ut the *fathomleſs* of thought divine,
bour ſuch expedient from deſpair,
ue *both?* both reſcue! both exalt!
re both exalted by the *deed!*
ıdrous deed! or ſhall I call it *more?*
:r in Omnipotence itſelf!
'y no leſs to gods than men!

bid *mercy* triumph over—God !
Undeify'd by their opprobrious
A God *all* mercy, is a God unj
Ye brainleſs wits! ye baptiz'
Ye worſe for mending! waſh'd
The ranſom was paid down; th
Heaven's inexhauſtible, exhauſte
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd
All price beyond: though curiou
Archangels fail'd to caſt the mig
Its value vaſt, ungraſp'd by min
For ever hides, and glows, in th
And was the ranſom paid? it
(What can exalt the bounty mor
The ſun beheld it—no, the ſhock
Drove back his chariot: *Midnigh*
Not ſuch as *this*; not ſuch as nat
A *midnight* nature ſhudder'd to b

With pangs, ſtrange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heaven wept, that men might ſmile! heaven bled, that man
Might never die!———

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*.
What heart of ſtone but glows at thoughts like theſe?
Such contemplations mount us; and ſhould mount
The mind ſtill higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To reſt from wonders? other wonders riſe;
And ſtrike where'er they roll: my ſoul is caught:
Heaven's ſovereign bleſſings, cluſtering from the croſs,
Ruſh on her, in a throng, and cloſe her round,
The priſoner of amaze!—In his bleſt *life*
I ſee the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*,
And in his great *aſcent* the *proof* ſupreme
Of immortality.—And did he riſe?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He roſe! he roſe! he burſt the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who ſlew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whoſe glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;

Took wing, and mounted with
Then, then, I roſe; then firſt,
Triumphant paſt the cryſtal po
(Stupendous gueſt!) and ſeiz'd
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er ſince
To call man mortal. Man's n
Was, then, transferr'd to death
Unalienably ſeal'd to this frail f
This child of duſt—Man, all-i
Hail, heaven! all laviſh of ſtrai
Thine all the glory; man's the

Where am I rapt by this triun
On chriſtian joy's exulting wing
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas! ſin
What if to pain immortal? if e
Of being, to preclude a cloſe of
Where, then, my boaſt of immo
I boaſt it ſtill, though cover'd o'e

leep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his ſide,
d there a font for all mankind,
:, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
this, ſubdues the *fear of death*.
at is *this?*—Survey the wondrous cure:
:h ſtep, let higher wonder riſe!
for infinite offence! and pardon
h means that ſpeak its value infinite!
)n bought with blood! with blood divine!
ood divine of him, I made my foe!
l to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
nd chaſtis'd, a flagrant rebel ſtill!
, 'midſt the thunders of his throne!
lone! a rebel univerſe!
:ies up in arms! not one exempt!
the fouleſt of the foul, he dies,
/'d, for the redeem'd from deepeſt guilt!
ur race were held of higheſt rank;
)dhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
every heart! and every boſom, burn!
ſcale of miracles is here!
round, high planted on the ſkies;
ig ſummit loſt beyond the thought
r angel! O that I could climb
erful aſcent, with equal praiſe!
ow for ever (if aſtoniſhment
thee leave): my praiſe! for ever flow;
nt, cordial, conſtant, to high heaven
rant, than Arabia ſacrific'd,
:r ſpicy mountains in a flame.

So

Oh love of gold! thou meaneſt
Shall *praiſe* her odours waſte o
Embalm the baſe, perfume the
Earn dirty bread by waſhing Æ
Removing filth, or ſinking it f
A ſcavenger in *ſcenes*, where *v*
Like gibbets yet untenanted, ex
Their future ornaments? From
Return, apoſtate *praiſe!* thou v
Thou proſtitute! to thy firſt lov
Thy firſt, thy greateſt, once unr
There flow redundant; like N
Back to thy fountain; to that P
Who gives the tongue to ſound,
The ſoul to *be*. Men homage p
Thoughtleſs beneath whoſe drea
In mutual awe profound of clay
Of guilt to guilt; and turn thei

What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy ſmile?
And ſhall not *praiſe* be thine, not human praiſe?
While heaven's high hoſt on *hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My ſoul in praiſe to Him, who gave my ſoul,
And all her infinite of proſpect fair,
Cut through the ſhades of hell, *great Love!* by thee
Oh moſt Adorable! moſt Unador'd!
Where ſhall that praiſe begin, which ne'er ſhould end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applauſe!
How is *night's* ſable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wiſdom* ſhines! what *love!* this midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profuſion: Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
Call to the *ſun*, or aſk the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I queſtion loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds He furious *ſtorms* in ſtreighten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
What mean theſe queſtions?—Trembling I retract;
My proſtrate ſoul adores the *preſent* God:
Praiſe I a diſtant deity? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, ſuſtains:
Wrapt in his being, I reſound his praiſe:
But though paſt *all* diffus'd, without a ſhore,

His

... *He*, who
And *nature's* ſhield, the
Her diſſolution, his ſuſper
The great *Firſt-Laſt!* pa
In darkneſs from exceſſive
By gods unſeen, unleſs th
His glory, to created glor
As that to central horrors;
On all that ſoars; and ſpa
Though *night* unnumber
Boundleſs creation! what
A mere effluvium of his m
And ſhall an atom of this
Mutter, in duſt and ſin, th
Down to the centre ſhould
Through beds of glittering
Their beggar'd blaze wants
Goes out in darkneſs: if,
I ſend it through

anguid their energy, their ardour cold,
ndebted ſtill, their higheſt rapture burns;
hort of its mark, defective, though divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vaſt appointments reach it not: they ſee
In earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heaven's ſuperior praiſe!
Firſt-born of Ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to ſee the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And ſome *did* envy; and the reſt, though gods,
Yet ſtill gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the duſt againſt the ſkies)
They leſs would *feel*, though more adorn, my theme.
They ſung *Creation* (for in that they ſhar'd):
How roſe in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great ſuperior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption*; they juſt gave the key:
Tis thine to raiſe, and eternize, the ſong;
Though human, yet divine; for ſhould not *this*
Raiſe man o'er man, and kindle ſeraphs *here?*
Redemption! 't was creation more ſublime;
Redemption! 't was the labour of the ſkies;
Or *more* than labour—It was *death* in heaven.
A truth ſo ſtrange! 't were bold to think it true;
Or not far bolder ſtill to diſbelieve!
Here pauſe, and ponder: was there death in heaven?
What then on earth? On earth, which ſtruck the blow?
Who ſtruck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd
Even through this medium! how the pigmy towers!

How this demonſtrates, thi
Of guilt, and clay conden:
The *double* ſon; the made,
And ſhall heaven's double
Man's double madneſs only
To man the bleeding croſs
The bleeding croſs has ſwo
Who gave his life, what gr
O ye! who, from this *Rock*
Apoſtates, plunging headlo
What cordial joy, what con
Whatever winds ariſe, or bil
Our intereſt in the maſter of
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd
While vile apoſtates *tremble*
Man! know thyſelf. All
To none man ſeems ignoble,
Angels that grandeur, men

ks on That, and ſees not in himſelf
tranger, a terreſtrial god?
partner with the Deity
attribute, immortal life?
leeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
, as I gaze, my mounting ſoul
nge fire, Eternity! at Thee;
the world—or rather, more enjoys:
'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
'd a chaos, ſhines a glorious world,
world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
r ſcene! another ſelf!
lother, as time rolls along;
ſelf far more illuſtrious ſtill.
g ages, yet roll'd up in ſhades
y bold conjecture's keeneſt ray,
itions of ſurpriſing fate!
opens, and receives my ſoul
ſs walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
and embrace me! What new births
adventure, foreign to the ſun;
t now charms, perhaps, whate'er exiſts,
nd fair *creation*, are forgot!
travagant? Of man we form
t conception, to be juſt:
unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:
reach, the Godhead only, more.
at Father! kindled at one flame
of rationals; one ſpirit pour'd
's aweful fountain: pour'd himſelf

Through

His throne their centre, ar
Why doubt we, then, t
Though yet *unſung*, as de
Angels are men of a ſuper
Angels are men in lighter
High o'er celeſtial mountai
And men are angels, loade
Who wade this miry vale,
And ſlippery ſtep, the bott
Angels their failings, mort
While *Here*, of corps ethe
And ſummon'd to the *gloric*
Which flames eternal crimſ
Nor are our *brothers* though
Yet abſent; but not abſent
Michael has fought our bat
Our triumphs; Gabriel on
t by t Sovereign, and

ſupporter ſole of man above himſelf;
ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
ſhe gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After-ſtate!
Here is firm footing; *here* is ſolid rock!
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
ſinks under us; beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, diſcharg'd,
Climbs ſome fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elyſian proſpects riſe,
His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the ſoul, when, from inglorious aims,
And ſordid ſweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To *Reaſon's* region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the ſkies.

Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! *There* ſhine
The nobleſt truths; *there* ſtrongeſt motives ſting;
There ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul;
There, nothing but *compulſion* is forborn.
Can love allure us; or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the ſun;
He ſighs—the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
If in his love ſo terrible, what then

May your ambition, pleasure,
My light in darkness! and m
My boast through time! bliss
Eternity, too short to speak th
Or fathom thy profound of lo
To man of men the meanest,
My sacrifice! my God!—wha
What then art Thou? by wh
Knew I the name devout arch
Devout archangels should the
By me unrival'd; thousands m
None half so dear, as that, whi
Still glows at heart: O how o
Is lost in love! Thou great Ph
Father of angels! but the frier
Like Jacob, fondest of the you
Thou, who didst save him, snatch
From out the flames, and quen
How art thou [illegible]

:gious our ſublimeſt ſong.
ıe naked *will* obtains thy ſmile,
.s monument of praiſe *unpaid*,
: life ſymphonious to my ſtrain,
left hymn to heaven!) for ever lie
ny *fear of death!* and every fear,
of every evil, but Thy frown.
ee I yonder, ſo demurely ſmile?
labour, and might break their reſt.
ı, in homage to the ſkies!
ſoft addreſs! who mildly make
uſive tender of your hearts,
violence! who *halt* indeed;
ıe bleſſing, *wreſtle* not with heaven!
my ſong too turbulent? too warm?
r, then, the pagans of the ſoul?
ıe baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
hings ſacred? Oh for warmer ſtill!
ı my zeal, and age benumbs my powers;
ıumbler heart! and prouder ſong!
much-injur'd theme! with that ſoft eye
ted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
to the coldneſs of my breaſt;
n to the winter in my ſtrain.
ld-hearted, frozen, formaliſts!
theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
eaſon, tranſport temper, *here*.
n, which gave us ardour, and has ſhewn
ır man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain
ıth emollients in theology,

High heaven's *orcheſtra* c
Hear I, or dream I hea
Sweet to the ſoul, and tal
Soft-wafted on celeſtial *p*
Through the vaſt ſpaces o
To chear me in this melar
Oh when will *death* (now
Admit me of their choir ?
This mouldering, old, pa
Give beings, one in natur
Oh death divine ! that giv
Great *future !* glorious pat
And *preſent !* when ſhall I
From nature's *continent*, in
Immenſely bleſt, this little
This dark, incarcerating *c*
Divides us. Happy day! t
That manumits; that calls

'is this makes joy a *duty* to the wife;
'is impious in a good man to be ſad.
See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
ouch'd by the *Croſs*, we live; or, *more* than die;
hat *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
han that which touch'd confuſion into form,
nd darkneſs into glory; partial *touch!*
ieffably pre-eminent regard!
acred to man, and ſovereign through the whole
ong golden chain of miracles, which hangs
'rom heaven through all duration, and ſupports
n one illuſtrious and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celeſtial, heals the ſoul
Diſeas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms
The ghaſtly ruins of the mouldering tomb.
Doſt aſk me when? When he who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhauſted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a ſtupendous ſolitude in heaven;
Repleniſh'd ſoon, repleniſh'd with increaſe
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.
Is this by fancy thrown remote; and riſe
Dark doubts between the promiſe and event?
I ſend thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;

Through depths of ether; coaſt
Of more than ſolar glory; d
Heaven's mighty cape; and t
From the long travel of a the
Thus, at the deſtin'd period,
He, once on earth, who bids
And, with Him, *all* our triu
Nature is dumb on this imp
Or hope precarious in low wh
Faith ſpeaks aloud, diſtinct; (
But turn, and dart into the d
Faith builds a bridge acroſs th
To break the ſhock blind *natu*
And lands thought ſmoothly (
Death's terror is the mountain
That mountain barrier betwee
'Tis *faith* diſarms deſtruction;
From every clamorous charge,

ve thou with life; live dearer of the two.
'ear I the bleſſed Croſs, by fortune ſtamp'd
ı paſſive nature, before thought was born?
y birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
›; *reaſon* re-baptis'd me when adult;
'eigh'd true, and falſe, in her impartial ſcale;
y heart became the convert of my head;
nd made that choice, which once was but my fate.
On argument alone my faith is built:"
'aſon purſued is *faith*; and, unpurſued
'here proof invites, 'tis reaſon, then, no more:
nd ſuch our *proof*, That, or our *faith* is *right*,
r *reaſon* lies, and heaven deſign'd it *wrong*:
bſolve we This? What, then, is blaſphemy?
Fond as we are, and juſtly fond, of *faith*,
'aſon, we grant, demands our firſt regard;
he mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
'aſon the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
he fading flower ſhall die; but *reaſon* lives
mortal, as her Father in the ſkies.
'hen *faith* is virtue, *reaſon* makes it ſo.
'rong not the Chriſtian; think not reaſon *yours*:
'is *reaſon* our great *Maſter* holds ſo dear;
'is *reaſon's* injur'd rights His wrath reſents;
'is *reaſon's* voice obey'd His glories crown;
› give loſt *reaſon* life, He pour'd his own:
lieve, and ſhew the reaſon of a man;
lieve, and taſte the pleaſure of a God;
lieve, and look with triumph on the tomb:
rough *reaſon's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die;

Death's terror heighten'd,
Theſe pompous ſons of *re*
And vilify'd at once; of
Then deify'd, as monarch
What conduct plants prou
While *love of truth* through
They draw *pride's* curtain
Spike up their inch of reaſ
Of philoſophic wit, *call'd*
And then, exulting in their
" Behold the ſun!" and, I
Talk they of *morals?* O
Thou maker of *new* morals
The *grand* morality is love
As wiſe as Socrates, if ſuch
(Nor will they 'bate of that
As wiſe as Socrates, might j
The definition of a modern

to ſenſe! ye citizens of earth!
alone the Chriſtian banner fly)
how wiſe your choice, how great your gain?
e picture of earth's happieſt man:
s his wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
ys, he call'd another; that arrives,
he ſame welcome; yet he ſtill calls on;
calls him, who varies not his call,
lds him faſt, in chains of darkneſs bound,
ture dies, and judgment ſets him free;
lom far leſs welcome than his chain."
nt man happy; grant him happy long;
e's higheſt prize her lateſt hour;
, ſo late, is nimble in approach,
a poſt, comes on in full career:
the ſhuttle flies, that weaves thy ſhroud!
he fable of thy former years?
own the gulph of time; as far from Thee
ad ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
d ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
v poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
as ſwift: Eternity is All;
e Eternity? Who triumphs there?
r ever in the font of bliſs!
aſking in the Deity!
who?—Thy conſcience ſhall reply.
t leave to ſpeak; 't will ſpeak ere long,
unaſk'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
ul its advice, its accent mild.

By

Though ſilent long, and ſl
Smother'd with errors, an
That heaven-commiſſion'd
But, from her cavern in th
Like him they fable under
The goddeſs, burſts in thu
Loudly convinces, and ſeve
Dark *dæmons* I diſcharge, a
The keen vibration of brig
Juſt definition! though by
Ye deaf to truth! peruſe th
And truſt, for once, a prop
" Men may *live* fools, but

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

HE RELAPSE.

TO THE

HT HON. THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

ORENZO! to recriminate is juſt.
Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air.
ant the man is vain who writes for praiſe.
ſe no man e'er deſerv'd, who ſought no more.
s juſt thy *ſecond charge*. I grant the *Muſe*
often bluſht at her degenerate ſons,
iin'd by *ſenſe* to plead her filthy cauſe;
raiſe the low, to magnify the mean,
l ſubtilize the groſs into refin'd:
f to magic numbers' powerful charm
as given, to make a *civet* of their ſong
:ene, and ſweeten ordure to perfume.
a true pagan, deifies the brute,
lifts our ſwine-enjoyments from the mire.
he fact notorious, nor obſcure the cauſe.
wear the chains of *pleaſure*, and of *pride*.
ſhare the man; and theſe diſtract him too;
v different ways, and claſh in their commands.
, like an eagle, builds among the ſtars;
pleaſure, lark-like, neſts upon the ground.

Joys

an fubtle *jopoiſtry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon *new*, tha
To ſordid ſcenes, and meets them v
Wit calls the *graces* the chaſte zone
Nor leſs than a *plump god* to fill the
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſ
A thouſand opiates ſcatters, to delu
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully cc
Thus that which ſhock'd the *judgme*
That which gave *pride* offence, no r
Pleaſure and *pride*, by nature morta
At war eternal, which in man ſhall
By *wit's* addreſs, patch up a fatal p
And hand in hand lead on the rank
From rank, refin'd to delicate and g
Art, curſed art! wipes off th' indeb
From nature's cheek, and bronzes e
Man ſmiles in mi[illegible]

an powers of genius exorciſe their page,
nd conſecrate enormities with ſong?
But let not theſe inexpiable ſtrains
ondemn the Muſe that knows her dignity;
or meanly ſtops at *time*, but holds the world
s 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
point in her eſteem; from whence to ſtart,
nd run the round of univerſal ſpace,
o viſit Being univerſal there,
nd Being's Source, that utmoſt flight of mind!
et, ſpite of this ſo vaſt circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
ing *ſyrens* only? Do not angels ſing?
There is in *poeſy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to *proſe*,
Her younger ſiſter; haply, not more wiſe.
Think'ſt thou, Lorenzo! to find paſtimes here?
No guilty paſſion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity diſgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or ſilken tale:
But ſolemn *counſels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through theſe revolving ſpheres,
This death-deep ſilence, and incumbent ſhade:
Thoughts, ſuch as ſhall reviſit your laſt hour;
Viſit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight!* darker ſtill
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.
Yet this, even *this*, my laughter-loving friends!

Lorenzo!

is ample recompence; is more t
But chiefly thine, O Litchfield!
Think not un-introduc'd I forc
Narciſſa, not unknown, not un
By virtue, or by blood, illuſtrio
To thee, from blooming *amara*
Where all the language *harmony*
Uncall'd, and aſks admittance f
A Muſe that will not pain thee
Thy praiſe ſhe drops, by *nobler*
O Thou! Bleſt Spirit! *wheth*
Great antemundane Father! in
Embryo creation, unborn being,
And all its various revolutions r
Preſent, though future; prior to
Whoſe breath can blow it into no
Or, from his throne ſome delega
Who, ſtudious of our peace, dof

Through pleaſing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
By thee ſuſtain'd, and lighted by the Stars.
By *them* beſt lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their moſt illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the ſoul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reaſon, joſtled by the throng.
By *day* the ſoul is paſſive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from paſſion cool,
Thoughts uncontrol'd, and unimpreſs'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repoſe.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the ſun adore:
Darkneſs has more divinity for me;
It ſtrikes thought inward; it drives back the ſoul
To ſettle on Herſelf, our point ſupreme!
There lies our theatre! there ſits our judge.
Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence ſtretcht out
Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reaſon's* reign,
And *virtue's* too; theſe tutelary ſhades
Are man's *aſylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
Not no leſs *reſcues* virtue, than *inſpires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the croud,

Nor

Unthought before, or fix a for
Nor is it ſtrange: *light*, *motion*
All, ſcatter us abroad; thoug
Neglectful of our home affairs,
In fume and diſſipation, quits
And leaves the breaſt unguard
Preſent example gets within
And acts with *double* force, by
Ambition fires ambition; *love* o
Strikes, like a peſtilence, from
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapou
And *inhumanity* is caught from
From ſmiling man. A ſlight,
And ſhot at random, often has
A ſudden fever, to the throbbin
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure de*
We ſee, we hear, with peril; *f*
mote from *multitude*; the wo

cred ſhade, and ſolitude, what is it?
elt preſence of the Deity.
he faults we flatter when alone.
in her allurements, is ungilt,
s, like other objects, black by night.
an Atheiſt half-believes a God.
s fair virtue's immemorial friend;
cious moon, through every diſtant age,
a lamp to *wiſdom*, and let fall,
ſplation's eye, her purging ray.
d Athenian, he who woo'd from heaven
the fair, to dwell with men,
n their manners, not inflame their pride,
er his head, as fearful to moleſt
ıring mind, the ſtars in ſilence ſlide,
ı all gazing on their future gueſt,
oliciting his ardent ſuit
e audience: all the live-long night,
thought, and motionleſs, he ſtands;
s his theme, or poſture, till the ſun
unkard riſing roſy from the main!)
his nobler intellectual beam,
:s him to the tumult of the world.
:cious moments! ſtol'n from the black waſte
er'd time! Auſpicious *midnight!* hail!
ld excluded, every paſſion huſh,
ı'd a calm intercourſe with heaven,
ſoul ſits in council; ponders *paſt*,
es *future* action; ſees, not feels,
ious life, and reaſons with the ſtorm;

But droop by day, and ſick
Thought borrows light elſewh
Fountain of animation! wh
Urania, my celeſtial gueſt!
Nightly to viſit me, ſo mean
Conſcious how needful diſcip
From pleaſing dalliance with
My wandering thought recall
Far other beat of heart! Nat
Or is it feeble nature calls m
And breaks my ſpirit into gri
Is it a Stygian vapour in my
A cold, ſlow puddle, creepin
Or is it thus with all men?—
What are we? How unequal
And now we ſink; to be the
Our preſent proweſs. Dearly
For lodging ill; too dearly re

r utmoſt ſtrength, when down, to riſe again;
d not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praiſe.
Tis vain to ſeek in men for more than man.
ough proud in promiſe, big in previous thought,
perience damps our triumph. I, who late,
ıerging from the ſhadows of the grave,
here *grief* detain'd me priſoner, mounting high,
ırew wide the gates of everlaſting day,
ıd call'd mankind to glory, ſhook off *pain*,
ırtality ſhook off, in æther pure,
ıd ſtruck the ſtars; *now* feel my ſpirits fail;
ıey drop me from the zenith; down I ruſh,
ke him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
ſorrow drown'd—but not in ſorrow loſt.
ow wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
dive for precious pearl in *ſorrow's* ſtream:
ot ſo the thoughtleſs man that *only* grieves:
akes all the torment, and rejects the gain
neſtimable gain!) and gives heaven leave
o make him but more wretched, not more wiſe.
If wiſdom is our leſſon (and what elſe
nobles man? what elſe have angels learnt?)
rief! more proficients in thy ſchool are made,
han *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er could boaſt.
oracious *learning*, often over-fed,
igeſts not into ſenſe her motley meal.
his *book-caſe*, with dark booty almoſt burſt,
his *forager* on others' wiſdom, leaves
er native farm, her *reaſon*, quite untill'd.
Vith mixt manure ſhe ſurfeits the rank ſoil,

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It pleads exemption from th
Conſiders *reaſon* as a leveler
And ſcorns to ſhare a bleſſin
That wiſe it *could* be, think
To *glory*, and to *pleaſure* gi
Craſſus but ſleeps, Ardelio i
Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a foo
But *wiſdom* ſmiles, when
When *ſorrow* wounds the brea
And hearts obdurate feel her
Her ſeed celeſtial, then, glad
Her golden harveſt triumphs
If ſo, Narciſſa! welcome my
I 'll raiſe a tax on my calami
And reap rich compenſation f
I 'll range the plenteous intell
And gather every thought of
To chaſe the moral maladies o

hese choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
all form a garland for Narciſſa's tomb;
nd, peradventure, of no fading flowers.
Say on what themes ſhall puzzled choice deſcend?
Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
Why men decline it; *ſuicide's* foul birth;
The various *kind of grief*; the *faults of age*;
And *death's dread character*—invite my ſong."
And, firſt th' importance of our end ſurvey'd.
riends counſel quick diſmiſſion of our grief:
iſtaken kindneſs! our hearts heal *too ſoon*.
re *they* more kind than *he*, who ſtruck the blow?
Vho bid it do his errand in our hearts,
nd baniſh peace, till *nobler gueſts* arrive,
nd bring it back, a true and endleſs peace?
alamities are *friends*: As glaring *day*
f theſe unnumber'd luſtres robs our ſight;
roſperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
f import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
Scenes apt to thruſt between Us and Ourſelves!)
s led by choice to take his favourite walk,
eneath *death's* gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
npierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray;
o read his monuments, to weigh his duſt,
iſit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
orenzo! read with me Narciſſa's ſtone;
(Narciſſa was thy favourite) let us read
Her *moral* ſtone; few doctors preach ſo well;
Few orators ſo tenderly can touch

See from her tomb, as fron
Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallie
And puts *deluſion's* duſky trai
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry *pa*
From objects low, terreſtrial,
And ſhews the *real* eſtimate o
Which no man, unafflicted, e
Pulls off the veil from *virtue's*
Detects *temptation* in a thouſar
Truth bids me look on men, a
And all they bleed for, as the
Driven by the whirlwind: ligh
I widen my horizon, gain new
See things inviſible, feel things
Am preſent with futurities; th
To man ſo foreign, as the joys
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe b
No *folly* keeps its colour in *b*

:r *worldly wiſdom*, and *divine?*
e waning, and the waxing moon.
pty *worldly* wiſdom every day;
y day more fair her *rival* ſhines.
ter, there 's leſs time to play the fool.
whole term for wiſdom is expir'd
now'ſt ſhe calls no council in the grave):
laſting fool is writ in fire,
viſdom wafts us to the ſkies.
rldly ſchemes reſemble Sibyls' leaves,
d man's days to Sibyls' books compare,
nt ſtory read, thou know'ſt the tale)
ſtill riſing, as in number leſs,
ble quite his final hour.
t who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
t worlds the purchaſe cannot pay.
t me die his death!" all nature cries.
live his life."—All nature faulters there.
it phyſician daily to conſult,
mune with the *grave*, our only cure.
grave preſcribes the beſt?—A friend's; and yet,
friend's grave how ſoon we diſengage!
the deareſt, as his marble, cold.
e friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
affection's tyes, on human hearts,
ught of death, which *reaſon*, too ſupine,
mploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *there*.
ſon, nor affection, no, nor both
'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
th' inexorable hour at hand!

Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected ſtill
Though numerous meſſengers are ſent
To warn his great arrival. What the
The wondrous cauſe, of this myſteric
All heaven looks down aſtoniſh'd at t

Is it, that life has ſown her *joys* ſo
We can't thruſt in a ſingle care betwe
Is it, that life has ſuch a ſwarm of *c*
The thought of death can't enter for
Is it, that *time* ſteals on with downy
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golde
To-day is ſo like *yeſterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a b
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the c
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd h
To the ſame life none ever twice awo
We call the brook the ſame; the ſan

In life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
Of *time* deſcend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave;
Till on a ſudden we perceive a ſhock;
We ſtart, awake, look out; what ſee we there?
Our brittle bark is burſt on Charon's ſhore.
Is this the cauſe *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* ſtruck blind,
That domineering miſtreſs of the ſoul!
Like *him* ſo ſtrong, by Dalilah the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns ſtartled *reaſon* back,
From looking down a precipice ſo ſteep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd,
By nature, conſcious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's moſt ſmiling hour,
The *good man* would repine; would *ſuffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd ſkies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein;
Bound o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
And mar the ſchemes of Providence below.
What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! riſe;
And drown in your leſs execrable yell
Britannia's ſhame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
Blaſted from hell, with horrid luſt of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, ſo thought—And *then* he fled the field.

But thou be ſhock'd, whil
Of *ſelf-aſſault*, expoſe the mo
And bid *abhorrence* hiſs it ro
Blame not thy clime, nor chi
The ſun is innocent, thy clim
Immoral climes kind nature n
The cauſe I ſing, in Eden mi
And proves, It is thy folly,
The ſoul of man (let man
Who names his *ſoul)*, a nativ
High-born, and free, her free
Unfold, unmortgag'd for *eart*
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in thi
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her
Studious of home, and ardent
Of *earth* ſuſpicious, *earth's* in
With cool reſerve light touchi
On *immortality*, her godlike ta

Their rich reverſion, and (what ſhares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who ſways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul baſket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the baſket full;
Are inſtantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And burſting their confinement; though faſt barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the paſs,
The blackeſt, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raiſe;
And moated round with fathomleſs *deſtruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
  Such, Britons! is the *cauſe*, to you unknown,
Or worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magiſtrates,
Thus criminals themſelves. I grant the deed
Is madneſs; but the madneſs of the *heart*.
And what is that? Our utmoſt bound of guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting life, is big
With monſtrous births, and *Suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh
Through ſacred *nature's* murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to ſhun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,
(The ſeat of *wiſdom!* if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,

Number

How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? ...
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity ſe
To melt him down, like wax, and th
Indelible, *death's* image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for hin
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, w
The mind turns fool, before the chee
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
As the tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the let

Lorenzo! haſt thou ever weigh'd a
Or ſtudy'd the philoſophy of *tears?*
(A ſcience, yet unlectur'd in our ſch
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the br
And ſeen their ſource? If not, deſce
And trace theſe briny rivulets to thei

Our funeral tears from different ca
As if from ſeparate ciſterns in the ſo
... kinds, they flow. From

Moſes' ſmitten rock, guſh out amain.
reep to ſhare the fate of the deceas'd,
h in merit, and to them ſo dear.
dwell on praiſes, which they think they ſhare;
hus, without a bluſh, commend themſelves.
mourn, in proof, that ſomething they could
ve:
weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *ſhew*.
veep in perfect juſtice to the dead,
ıſcious all their love is in arrear.
ıiſchievouſly weep, not unappriz'd,
ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.
what addreſs the ſoft Epheſians draw
ſable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
n through cryſtal, how their roſes glow,
liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek?
's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
ing gems, herſelf diſſolv'd in love.
ep at *death*, abſtracted from the *dead*,
lebrate, like Charles, their own deceaſe.
d conſtruction ſome are *deem'd* to weep,
e a decent veil conceals their joy.
: weep in earneſt, and yet weep in vain;
p in indiſcretion, as in woe.
blind paſſion! impotently pours
that deſerve more tears; while *reaſon* ſleeps;
es like an idiot, unconcern'd;
mprehends the meaning of the ſtorm;
not it ſpeaks to *her*, and her *alone*.
als all ſorrow are beneath,

That

Far as the deep reſounding
The dreadful news, and ha
No grain of *wiſdom* pays t
Half-round the globe, th
Are ſpent in watering vani
In making *folly* flouriſh ſtill
When the ſick ſoul, her wo
Reclines on earth, and ſorr
Inſtead of learning, *there*,
Though there thrown down
Without heaven's aid, impa
She crawls to the next ſhrub
Though from the ſtately ced
With ſtale, forſworn embrac
The ſtranger weds, and blo
In all the fruitleſs fopperies
Preſents her *weed*, well fan
And raffles for the *death's h*

Not ſuch, Narciſſa, my diſtreſs for Thee.
I 'll make an altar of thy ſacred tomb,
To ſacrifice to wiſdom. What waſt Thou?
" *Young*, *gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to ſhun thought more ſevere;
(Heaven knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
I 'll dwell on each, and quite exhauſt thy death.
A ſoul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, firſt, thy *youth*. What ſays it to grey hairs!
Narciſſa, I 'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew,
She ſparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
Time on this head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
Cover'd with ſhame I ſpeak it, *age* ſevere
Old worn-out vice ſets down for virtue fair;
With graceleſs gravity, chaſtiſing youth,
That youth chaſtis'd ſurpaſſing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulneſs of death:
As if, like objects preſſing on the ſight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead preſcription from the grave;
Deathleſs, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathleſs? far from it! *ſuch* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
Tell me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what inchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death

Already

Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immorta
We ſee time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves in that juſt mirror ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their inference as ſtrong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *m*
And *ſoon*; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aim
Like damag'd clocks, whoſe hand and bell
Folly ſings Six, while *Nature* points at Twe
Abſurd *longevity!* More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more traſh of eve
And wherefore mad for more, when reliſh
Object, and *appetite*, muſt club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that ſtrike us from *witho*
While *nature* is relaxing every ſtring?

the glory is, to *wiſh* to die.
viſh is *praiſe*, and *promiſe*; it applauds
e, and promiſes our fut bliſs.
weakneſs ſee not chil n their fires?
-climacterical abſurdit
air'd authority, to faults of youth,
locking: It makes folly thrice a fool;
ur firſt childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
nd *eſteem* is all that age can hope.
g but *wiſdom* gives the *firſt*; the *laſt*,
g, but the *repute of being wiſe*.
ars both; our age is quite undone.
at folly can be ranker? Like our ſhadows,
iſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines.
ſh ſhould loiter, *then*, this ſide the grave.
:arts ſhould leave the world, before the knell
for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil.
h to live in tempeſt, die in port;
ould fly concourſe, cover in retreat
s of *judgment*; and the *will's* ſubdue;
thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
it vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
ut *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
hortly blows us into worlds unknown;
onſider'd too, a dreadful ſcene!
ſhould be prophets to themſelves; foreſee
future fate; their future fate foretaſte;
rt would waſte the bitterneſs of death.
ought of death alone, the *fear* deſtroys.
ffection to that precious thought

The grand machine! that heaves us
And rears us into men. That thou
Will ſoon reduce the ghaſtly *precipi*
O'er-hanging hell, will ſoften the de
And gently ſlope our paſſage to the
How warmly to be wiſh'd! What he
Would trifle with tremendous? dare
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? Wha
Beyond the blackeſt brand of cenſure
(To ſpeak a language *too well* know
Would at a moment give its *All* to cl
And *ſtamp* the die for an eternity?

Aid me, Narciſſa! aid me to keep
With *deſtiny*; and ere her ſciſſars cut
My thread of life, to break this toug
Of moral death, that ties me to the w
Sting thou my ſlumbering *reaſon* to ſt
A thought of obſervation on the foe;

Muſt I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a ſelf-ſurvivor every year.
Man, like a ſtream, is in perpetual flow.
Death 's a deſtroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, His; my *yeſterday*;
The bold invader ſhares the *preſent* hour.
Each moment on the former ſhuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decreaſe;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waſte, that inſtant they take fire.
Shall we then fear, leſt that ſhould come to paſs,
Which comes to paſs each moment of our lives?
If fear we muſt, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *ſtrength* and *ardour*; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtleſs of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude viſitant!) knocks hard at your dull ſenſe,
And with its thunder ſcarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in every place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental Sires!
A brother tomb to tell you ye ſhall die.
That death you *dread* (ſo great is nature's ſkill!)
Know, you ſhall *court* before you ſhall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you ſit;
In wiſdom, ſhallow: pompous ignorance!
Would you be ſtill more learned than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known.

Of indiſpenſable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding,
And dive in *ſcience* for diſtinguiſ
Diſhoneſt fomentation of your p
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in
Your learning, like the *lunar* be
Light, but not heat; it leaves y
Frozen at heart, while ſpeculatio
Awake, ye curious indagators!
Of knowing all, but what avail
If you would learn *death's chara*
All caſts of conduct, all degree
All dies of fortune, and all date
Together ſhook in his impartial
Come forth at random: or, if c
The choice is quite *ſarcaſtic*, an
All bold conjecture, and fond h
What countleſs ltitudes not c

The feeble wrap th' athletic in his ſhroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb:
Me Thine, Narciſſa!—What though ſhort thy date?
Virtue, not rolling ſuns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which anſwers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name;
The man of wiſdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methuſalems may die;
O how *miſdated* on their flattering tombs!
Narciſſa's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counſel too?
That, like the Jews fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles inſtruction; ſuch as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill known to thee, Lorenzo! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
"Ev'n let him ſweep his rubbiſh to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
"But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'ſt him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "That fartheſt from the *fear*,
"Are often neareſt to the *ſtroke* of Fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers ſhould emit a flame,
Glad ſpirits ſparkled from Narciſſa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As nature's oppoſites wage endleſs war,
For *this* offence, as treaſon to the deep

'To plant the ſoul on her eternal
In aweful expectation of our end
Thus runs death's dread commiſſ
". As moſt alarms the living by
Hence *ſtratagem* delights him, a
And cruel ſport with man's ſecu
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is
And, where leaſt fear'd, there c
This proves my bold aſſertion no
What are *his* arts to lay our f
'Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap
In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt n
Like princes unconſeſt in foreigr
Who travel under cover, *death* a
'The name and look of *life*, and
He takes all ſhapes that ſerve hi
'Though maſter of a wider empi
'Than that, o'er which the Rom

familiar wear, and ſleek diſguiſe.
d the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
ıbuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
nples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
ry hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
on Narciſſa's couch he loiter'd long
own; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
tile; ſuch peace has innocence in death!
happy they! whom leaſt his arts deceive.
ye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
nes a mortal, and immortal man.
on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous ſpy,
een, or dreamt I ſaw, the tyrant *dreſs*;
ıy his horrors, and put on his ſmiles.
Muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
ſhew Lorenzo the ſurpriſing ſcene;
vas a dream, his genius can explain.
was in a circle of the *gay* I ſtood.
would have enter'd; *Nature* puſh'd him back;
ɔrted by a doctor of renown,
oint he gain'd. Then artfully *diſmiſt*
ſage; for *death* deſign'd to be conceal'd.
ıve an old vivacious *uſurer*
ıeagre aſpect, and his naked bones;
ıtitude for plumping up his prey,
ımper'd *ſpendthrift*; whoſe fantaſtic air,
-faſhion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
ok in change, and underneath the pride
ɔſtly linen, tuck'd his ſilthy ſhroud.
rooked bow he ſtraiten'd to a cane;

... in *pleaſure's* tooth
When *pleaſure* treads the paths,
When, againſt *reaſon*, *riot* ſhut
And *gaiety* ſupplies the place o
Then, foremoſt at the banquet
Death leads the dance, or ſtamp
Nor ever fails the midnight bow
Gaily carouſing to his gay com
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laug
As abſent far: and when the re
When *fear* is baniſh'd, and triu
Calling for all the joys beneath t
Againſt him turns the key; and
With their progenitors—He dro
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, c
Scarce with more ſudden terror
From his black maſque of nitre,
He burſts, expands, roars, blaze
And is not this triumphant ...

a centinel, all eye, all ear,
ectation of the coming foe.
ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear;
nber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
'e ſurprize thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
ve each day the merit, and renown,
ig well; though doom'd but once to die.
life's *period* hidden (as from moſt)
o from Thee the precious *uſe* of life.
, not ſudden, was Narciſſa's fate.
ot ſurpriſing, *death* his viſit paid.
ught went forth to meet him on his way,
ety forgot it was to die:
fortune too (our third and final theme),
ccompliee, play'd her gaudy plumes,
ery glittering gewgaw, on her ſight,
le, and debauch it from its mark.
dreadful advent is the mark of man;
ery thought that miſſes it, is blind.
, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conſpir'd
ve a *triple* wreath of happineſs
pineſs on earth) to crown her brow.
uld *death* charge through ſuch a ſhining ſhield?
ſhining ſhield *invites* the tyrant's ſpear,
o damp our elevated aims,
ongly preach humility to man.
portentous is proſperity!
omet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
ars but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
his victims from the faireſt fold,

And

When *fortune* thus has toſs'd
Snatcht from the covert of an
How often have I ſeen him dr
Our morning's envy! and our
As if her bounties were the ſig
The flowery wreath to mark th
And call death's arrows on the
High fortune ſeems in cruel l
Aſk you for what? To give hi
The deeper dread, and more il
Thus to keep daring mortals m
And burns Lorenzo ſtill for th
Of life? To hang his airy neſt
On the ſlight timber of the top
Rockt at each breeze, and men
Granting grim *death* at equal d
Yet *peace* begins juſt where *am*
What makes man wretched? H

ving what our mortal ſtate admits,
odeſt joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
our ecſtaſies are wounds to peace;
the full portion of mankind below.
ſince thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
une fond! as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
I drew *death's* picture, to ſtir up
olſome fears; now, drawn in contraſt, ſee
tune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
gh in air, the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
s her caſket, ſpreads her glittering ware,
lls the giddy winds to puff abroad
dom bounties o'er the gaping throng.
n rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
ore ador'd) to ſnatch the golden ſhower.
glitters moſt, where *virtue* ſhines no more;
s from abſent ſuns have leave to ſhine.
a precious pack of votaries
el'd from the priſons, and the ſtews,
, all opening in their idol's praiſe;
dent, eye each wafture of her hand,
vide-expanding their voracious jaws,
on morſel ſwallow down unchew'd,
d, through mad appetite for more;
to the throat, yet lean and ravenous ſtill.
us All, to trace the ſmalleſt game,
old to ſeize the greateſt. If (bleſt chance!)
ephyrs ſweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,

O'er

Some darting, ſtrike their arden
Through fury to poſſeſs it: *So*
But ſtumble, and let fall the t
From *ſome*, by ſudden blaſts,
And lodg'd in boſoms that ne'
To *ſome* it ſticks ſo cloſe, that,
Torn is the man, and mortal i
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their
Groan under gold, yet weep fo
Together *ſome* (unhappy rivals
And rend abundance into pover
Loud croaks the raven of the la
Smiles too the goddeſs; but ſmi
(Juſt victims of exorbitant deſir
Who periſh at their own requeſt,
Beneath her load of laviſh gran
Fortune is famous for her numb
The number ſmall, which happi

: thou ſtill a glutton of bright gold?
:-thou ſtill rapacious of thy ruin?
›ves a ſhining mark, a ſignal blow;
, which, while it executes, alarms;
rtles thouſands with a ſingle fall.
n ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine,
nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her ſhade,
ı's defiance, and the flock's defence;
ſtrong ſtrokes of labouring hinds ſubdued,
·oans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her height,
›rous ruin, thunders to the ground:
ıſcious foreſt trembles at the ſhock,
l, and ſtream, and diſtant dale, reſound.
: high-aim'd darts of *death*, and theſe alone,
I collect, my quiver would be full.
:r, which, ſuſpended in mid air,
heaven's *archer*, in the zodiack, hung,
ld it be) *ſhould* draw the public eye,
te and contemplation of mankind!
ellation awful, yet benign,
le the *gay* through life's tempeſtuous wave;
fer them to ſtrike the common rock,
ı greater danger to grow more ſecure,
, wrapt in happineſs, forget their fate."
nder, happy paſt the common lot,
arn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
ı'd the fair Aſpaſia: ſhe was kind:
h, form, fortune, fame, they both were bleſt:
o knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd?
ıcy form more finiſht happineſs?

Fixt

To re-embrace, in ecſtaſies,
The riſing ſtorm forbids.
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſer
She felt it ſeen (her heart wa
And, drown'd, without the
In ſuffocating ſorrows, ſhare
Now, round the ſumptuous,
The guilty billows innocentl
And the rough ſailor paſſing,
A tear?—Can tears ſuffice?—
How vain our efforts! and o
The *diſtant* train of thought
Has thrown me on my fate—
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* b
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to
Narciſſa! Pity bleeds at thou
Yet thou waſt only *near* me;
Survive *myſelf*?—*That* cures;
Narciſſa lives; Philand

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE, of IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, GLORY and RICHES are particularly conſidered.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in diſpute about religion than this. The diſpute about religion, and the practice of it, ſeldom go together. The ſhorter, therefore, the diſpute the better. I think it may be reduced to this ſingle queſtion, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our diſputes are mere amuſements, or trials of ſkill. In this caſe, *truth*, *reaſon*, *religion*, which give our diſcourſes ſuch pomp and ſolemnity,

rol e, the *real* ſource a
delity; how remote ſoever
vanced may ſeem to be fror
Senſible appearances affec
abſtract reaſonings; and we
us, but the *ſoul* is inviſible.
nation has over the *judgme*
well conceived by thoſe that
of it; and of what number
ſouls ſhould not ſurvive! T
that they *rather* hoped, tha
tality! And how many heat
us! The ſacred page aſſures
tality is brought to light by
many is the Goſpel rejecte
theſe conſiderations, and fro
privy to the ſentiments of ſ
have been long [illegible] tha

Chriſtians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conſcious eternal pain or happineſs will certainly be his lot, ſhould not earneſtly, and impartially, enquire after the ſureſt means of eſcaping one, and ſecuring the other. And of ſuch an earneſt and impartial inquiry, I well know the conſequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this moſt fundamental truth, ſome plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irreſiſtible; and ſuch as, I am ſatisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themſelves the ſmall trouble of looking ſeriouſly into their own boſoms, and of obſerving, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily paſſes round about them in the world. If ſome arguments ſhall, *here*, occur, which others have declined, they are ſubmitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the *moſt* important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer diſputed; but it is undiſputed for this reaſon *only*; *viz.* becauſe, where the leaſt pretence to reaſon is admitted; it muſt for ever be indiſputable. And of conſequence no man can be betrayed into a diſpute of that nature by *vanity*; which has a principal ſhare in animating our modern combatants againſt other articles of our Belief.

The longer known, the cloſer ſt
And gradual parting is a gradu:
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, w
By tardy preſſure's ſtill encreaſin
From hardeſt hearts, confeſſion
O the long, dark approach thi
Death's gallery! (might I dare
With diſmal *doubt*, and ſable *ter*
Sick *hope's* pale lamp its only gli
There, fate my melancholy walk
Forbid *ſelf-love* itſelf to flatter,
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſ
How oft I ſaw her dead, while y
In ſmiles ſhe ſunk *her* grief to le
She ſpoke me comfort, and incre
Like powerful armies trenching
By ſlow, and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs
In his pale progreſs gently gainin

And thou, O moon! bear witneſs; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down by ſore attention to the ſhock,
By ceaſeleſs depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful poſt
Of obſervation! darker every hour!
Leſs dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye,
Of life and death ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedneſs and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the paſs, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wiſh moſt ardent of the wiſe?
Too dark the ſun to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
O'er ſtars and ſun, triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our *tranſition*; though the mind,
An artiſt at creating ſelf-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *ſat*.
Our ſketch all random ſtrokes, conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells one ſingle tale.
Death, and his image riſing in the brain,
Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;

Views that o'erpay the rigours o
Views that ſuſpend our agonies
Wrapt in the thought of *immor*
Wrapt in the ſingle, the triumj
Long life might lapſe, age unp
And find the ſoul unſated with
Its *nature, proof, importance,* fi
O that my ſong could emulate i
Like her, immortal. No!—the
A mark ſo mean; far nobler h
If endleſs ages can outweigh an
Let not the *laurel,* but the *palm*
Thy *nature,* immortality! wl
And yet who knows it not? It i
In ſtronger thread of brighter c
And ſpun for ever; dipt by crue
In Stygian dye, how *black,* how
How ſhort our correſpondence w
And while it laſts, inglorious! a

abitable ſpace, wherever born,
dow'd! To live free citizens
al nature! To lay hold
an feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
aven's rich unfathomable mines
hich ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
To riſe in ſcience, as in bliſs,
the ſecrets of the ſkies!
eation; read its mighty plan
: boſom of the Deity!
and execution, to collate!
fore each glance of piercing thought,
all ſhadow, blown remote; and leave
y—but that of Love Divine,
s us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
l anguiſh, and of outward ill,
neſs, and from duſt, to *ſuch* a ſcene!
ment! true joy's illuſtrious home!
h's ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!
uiſite viciſſitude of fate!
ution of our blackeſt hour!
, theſe are thoughts that make man Man,
illumine, aggrandize the great.
t (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
moment fear to ſink beneath
we tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons)
t, in the wild whirl of *Time's* purſuits,
nd pauſe, involv'd in high preſage,
the long viſto of a thouſand years,

As far beyond conception
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd tal
Lorenzo, ſwells thy boſ
The ſwell becomes thee :
Revere thyſelf ;—and yet t
His *nature* no man can o'e
Can under-rate his *merit*.
Nor there be modeſt, where
That almoſt univerſal error
How *juſt* our pride, when w
Not thoſe *ambition* paints in
Reaſon points out, and arde
And angels emulate ; our p
When mount we ? When the
This cell of the creation ? T
Stuck in a corner of the uni
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, a
Fine-ſpun to ſenſe ; but groſ

Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The guſt, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praiſe and ſhare?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.
What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the ſick!
Diſtemper'd bodies! and diſtemper'd minds!
In an *Eternity*, what ſcenes ſhall ſtrike!
Adventures thicken! novelties ſurprize!
What webs of wonder ſhall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footſteps in the deep!
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguiſhable thirſt in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there!*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately ſeen in ſhades,
And, in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen,
And ſeen thoſe fragments by the *labouring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illuſtrious and intire,
Its ample ſphere, its univerſal frame,
In full dimenſions, ſwells to the ſurvey;
And enters, at one glance, the raviſht ſight.
From ſome ſuperior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reſide)
How ſhall the ſtranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vaſt ocean of unbounded ſpace,

Whole twinkling multitudes of
He ſwallows unperceiv'd? *Stup*
Yet what are theſe ſtupendous t
As particles, as atoms ill percei
As circulating globules in our v
So vaſt the plan. Fecundity div
Exuberant Source! perhaps, I v
If admiration is a ſource of j
What tranſport hence! yet this
What *this* to that illuſtrious robe
Who toſt this maſs of wonders
A ſpecimen, an earneſt of his po
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glo
As the mead's meaneſt floweret t
Which gave it birth. But what,
This bliſs ſupreme of the ſuprem
Death, only death, the queſtion
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas
The *bare* ideas! ſolid

Or, ſpider-like, ſpin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals ſpin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of ſubtle thought, and exquiſite deſign;
Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A *name!* a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner ſtill!) inſtead of graſping air,
For ſordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, ſweat, through every ſhame, for every gain,
For vile contaminating traſh; throw up
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, avarice; the two *dæmons* theſe,
Which goad through every ſlough our human herd,
Hard travel'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches ſtoop! How ſteep they climb!
Theſe *dæmons* burn mankind; but moſt poſſeſs
Lorenzo's boſom, and turn out the ſkies.
Is it in *time* to hide *eternity?*
And why not in an atom on the ſhore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the ſun?
Glory and *wealth!* have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it ſurprize thee? Be thou then ſurpriz'd;
Thou *neither* know'ſt: their *nature* learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *theſe ſubjects* ſeem,
What cloſe connexion ties them to my theme.
Firſt, what is *true* ambition? The purſuit
Of glory, nothing *leſs* than man can ſhare.

Were

If *prone* in thought, our nature is ou
And man ſhould bluſh, his forehead m
The *viſible* and *preſent* are for brutes,
A ſlender portion! and a narrow bou
Theſe *reaſon*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and
The vaſt unſeen! the future fathomle
When the great ſoul buoys up to this
Leaving groſs *nature's* ſediments belo
Then, and then only, Adam's offspr
The ſage and hero of the fields and v
Aſſerts his rank, and riſes into man.
This is ambition: This is *human* fire.
Can *parts* or *place* (two bold prete
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from t
Genius and *art*, ambition's boaſted
Our boaſt but ill deſerve. A feeble
Dedalian enginery! If Theſe alone
Aſſert our [illegible] fame's flight is *glori*

s I ſee, as thrown from her high ſphere,
ious fragments of a ſoul immortal,
bbiſh mix'd, and glittering in the duſt.
t the ſplendid, melancholy ſigh't,
compaſſion ſoft, and *envy*, riſe—
refore envy? Talents angel-bright,
ng worth, are ſhining inſtruments
mbition's hand, to finiſh faults
is, and give infamy renown.
ill is an atchievement of great *powers*.
ſe but rarely leads us far aſtray.
ie means, *affections* chuſe our end;
ave no merit, if our end amiſs.
g our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart?
re proprietors of all applauſe.
ds, *and*-means, make wiſdom: Worldly-wiſe
lf-witted, at its higheſt praiſe.
nius then deſpair to make thee great;
er *ſtation*: What is ſtation high?
:oud mendicant; it boaſts, and begs;
.n alms of homage from the throng,
the throng denies its charity.
is and miniſters are awful names;
r wear them, challenge our devoir.
, public order, both exact
homage, and a ſupple knee,
gs pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
meſt ſlave; *all more* is merit's due,
:d and inviolable right;

Nor

His royal robe unborrow'd,
His *own*, deſcending fairly
Shall man be proud to wear
And ſouls in *ermin* ſcorn a
Can *place* or leſſen us, or ag
Pygmies are pygmies ſtill, t
And pyramids are pyramids
Each man makes his own ſt
Virtue alone outbuilds the *p*
Her monuments ſhall laſt, w
Of theſe ſure truths doſt tl
The cauſe is lodg'd in *immo*
Hear, and aſſent. Thy boſ
What ſtation charms thee ?
'Tis thine. And art thou g
Then thou before waſt ſomet
Has thy new poſt betray'd th
That treacherous pride betra

. Nero quitting his imperial throne,
nd courting glory from the tinkling ſtring,
ut faintly ſhadows an immortal ſoul,
Vith empire's ſelf, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
f nobler motives miniſter no cure,
v'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
t makes the poſt ſtand candidate for Thee;
lakes more than monarchs, makes an honeſt man;
hough no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
nd though it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
lenown, that would not quit thee, though diſgrac'd,
or leave thee pendent on a maſter's ſmile.
ther ambition *nature* interdicts;
lature proclaims it moſt abſurd in man,
y pointing at his origin, and end;
ilk, and a ſwathe, *at firſt*, his whole demand;
lis whole domain, *at laſt*, a turf, or ſtone;
o whom, *between*, a world may ſeem too ſmall.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
)f *juſt* ambition, to the grand reſult,
The *curtain's* fall; *there*, ſee the buſkin'd chief
Inſhod behind this momentary ſcene;
Reduc'd to his own ſtature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes;
And laugh at this fantaſtic mummery,
This antic prelude of groteſque events,
Where dwarfs are often ſtilted, and betray
A littleneſs of ſoul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread ſacrifice

On empire builds what en
And makes his throne a ſ
Why *this* ſo rare? Beca
The day of death; that v
Which ſits as judge; that
On all our days, abſolve t
Lorenzo, never ſhut thy th
Be *levees* ne'er ſo full, affo
And give it audience in th
That friend conſulted, flat
Will tell the fair, if thou
To doat on aught may l
Is That *ambition?* Then l
Point to the centre their in
And learn humiliation fro
Which boaſts her lineage f
Yet *theſe* are they the world
The world, which cancels

triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
othing can make it leſs than mad in man,
o put forth all his ardour, all his art,
nd give his ſoul her full unbounded flight,
t reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
'hen blind ambition quite miſtakes her road,
nd downward pores, for that which ſhines above,
ubſtantial happineſs, and true renown;
hen, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
'e leap at ſtars, and faſten in the mud;
t glory graſp, and ſink in infamy.
Ambition! powerful ſource of good and ill!
hy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in birds,
'hen diſengag'd from earth, with greater eaſe
nd ſwifter flight tranſports us to the ſkies;
r toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
turns a curſe; it is our chain, and ſcourge,
this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
oſe-grated by the ſordid bars of *ſenſe*;
ll proſpect of eternity ſhut out;
nd, but for *execution*, ne'er ſet free.
With error in *ambition* juſtly charg'd,
nd we Lorenzo wiſer in his *wealth*?
'hat if thy rental I reform? and draw
n inventory *new* to ſet thee right?
'here thy *true treaſure*? Gold ſays, "Not in me:"
nd, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
ndia 's inſolvent: ſeek it in thyſelf,
eek in thy naked ſelf, and find it there;
n *being* ſo deſcended, form'd, endow'd;

Sky-

Their radiant beams to gol
Take in, at once, the lan
At a ſmall inlet, which a
And half create the wondi
Our *ſenſes*, as our *reaſon*,
But for the magic organ's
Earth were a rude, uncolo
Objects are but th' occaſior
Ours is the cloth, the pen
Which nature's admirable
And beautifies creation's a
Like Milton's Eve, when
Man makes the matchleſs
Say then, Shall man, his t
Superior wonders in himſe
His admiration waſte on ol
When heaven makes him t
Abſurd! not rare! ſo grea

ts portrait, and report its fate!
alth in *intellect*, that ſovereign power!
nſe and *fancy* ſummons to the bar;
tes, approves, or reprehends;
ı the maſs thoſe *underlings* import,
ir materials ſifted, and refin'd,
ruth's balance accurately weigh'd,
t, and *ſcience*, *government*, and *law*;
. baſis, and the beauteous frame,
s, and the grace of *civil* life!
ners (ſad exception!) ſet aſide,
ıt, with maſter hand, a copy fair
lea, whoſe indulgent thought
ng, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliſs.
wealth in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around,
ıg limit, or from place, or time;
· at once, in thought extenſive, hear
ighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's ſound!*
creation's outſide walk, and view
ıs, and is, and *more* than e'er ſhall be;
ding, with omnipotence of thought,
ı new in fancy's field to riſe!
at can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made,
der wild through things impoſſible!
ealth, in *faculties* of endleſs growth,
hleſs *paſſions* violent to crave,
to chuſe, in *power* to reach,
uration (how thy riches riſe!)
to *perpetuate*—boundleſs bliſs!

its tenure ſure; its incon
High-built abundance,
To breed new wants, and
Then, make a richer ſcra
Soon as this feeble pulſe,
Almoſt by miracle, is tir
Like rubbiſh from diſplod
Our magazines of hoarde
Fly diverſe; fly to foreign
New maſters court, and c
(How juſtly!) for depend
Wide ſcatter, firſt, our pl
Doſt court abundance fo
Learn, and lament thy ſelf
Riches enable to be richer
And, *richer ſtill*, what mo
Thus wealth (a cruel taſk-
New toils, ſucceeding toils
And murders

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not diſeaſe;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happineſs,
A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where heaven can give no more!
More, like a flaſh of water from a lock,
Quickens our ſpirits' movement for an hour;
But ſoon its force is ſpent, nor riſe our joys
Above our native temper's common ſtream.
Hence diſappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers; and ſtings us with ſucceſs.
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wiſe are privy to the lye.
Much learning ſhews how little mortals *know*;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy*:
At beſt, it babies us with endleſs toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to duſt.
As monkeys at a mirror ſtand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they ſo plainly ſee;
Thus men, in ſhining riches, ſee the face
Of happineſs, nor know it is a ſhade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wiſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.
How few can reſcue opulence from want!
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
The man of *reaſon* ſmiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this! A *being*

Immortal! Ages pa et nothin
Morn without eve! a race witho
Unſhorten'd by progreſſion infinit
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning ſtill where computatio
'Tis the deſcription of a *Deity!*
'Tis the deſcription of the *meane*
The meaneſt ſlave dares then Lor
The meaneſt ſlave thy *ſovereign* g
Proud youth! faſtidious of the *lo*
Man's *lawful* pride includes hum
Stoops to the loweſt; is too great
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.

Immortal! What can ſtrike the
As this the *ſoul?* It thunders to t
Reaſon amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhe
No more we ſlumber on the brink

ıot Lorenzo's boſom caught the flame?
!! Were but *one* immortal, how
others envy! How would thrones adore!
'tis common, is the bleſſing loſt?
ı ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!
vain, vain, all elſe! *Eternity!*
ous, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
le impriſonment, in abject views.
ortality, 'tis that alone,
fe's *pains*, *abaſement*, *emptineſs*,
l can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
ly, and that amply, this performs;
above life's pains, her joys above;
rror *thoſe*, and *theſe* their luſtre loſe;
depending covers all;
depending all atchieves;
h at diſtance; caſts her into ſhades;
ıer diſtinctions; abrogates her powers;
, the lofty, joyous, and ſevere,
's dread frowns, and faſcinating ſmiles,
ne promiſcuous and neglected heap,
n beneath; if I may call him man,
Immortality's full force inſpires.
terreſtrial touches his high thought;
ne unſeen, and thunders roll unheard,
ls quite conſcious of their high deſcent,
reſent province, and their future prize;
darting upward every wiſh,
ın the wing, in glorious *abſence* loſt!

To that ſtupendous view wher
So large of late, ſo mountain
Time's toys ſubſide; and *equa*
Enthuſiaſtic, this? Then al
But rank enthuſiaſts. To thi
Some ſouls have ſoar'd; or ma
And all *may* do, what has by
Who, beaten by theſe ſublun
Boundleſs, interminable joys
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninf
What ſlave *unbleſt*, who from
Expects an empire? He forge
And, thron'd in thought, his
And what a ſceptre waits u
Her own immenſe appointmen
Or comprehend her high prero
In this her dark minority, ho
How vainly pants, the human

ſs vanity's fantaſtic toe,
ıbling at a ſtraw, in their career,
they plunge, where end both dance and ſong?
, Lorenzo? Is it poſſible?
on earth (let me not call them men)
ge a ſoul immortal in their breaſts;
ous as the mountain of its ore;
of its ineſtimable gem?
:ks ſhall melt, and mountains vaniſh, *theſe*
ow their treaſure; treaſure, *then*, no more.
ere (ſtill more amazing!) who reſiſt
g thought? who ſmother, in its birth,
ious truth? who ſtruggle to be brutes?
rough this boſom-barrier burſt their way,
th revers'd ambition, ſtrive to ſink?
our downwards through th' oppoſing powers
ct, reaſon, and the world againſt them,
al hopes, and ſhelter in the ſhock
ſs night; night darker than the grave's?
ht the proofs of immortality?
rrid zeal, and execrable arts,
l their engines, level their black fires,
from man this attribute divine,
ital blood far dearer to the wiſe)
ners, and rank atheiſts to *themſelves?*
ntradict them, ſee all nature riſe!
ject, what event, the moon beneath,
ues, or endears, an after-ſcene?
on proves, or weds it to *deſire?*
gs proclaim it *needful*; ſome advance

Thou! whoſe all-providen
Whoſe Hand directs, whoſe
Creation, and holds empire f
Eternity's Inhabitant auguſt!
Of two Eternities amazing L
One paſt, ere man's or angel'
Aid! while I reſcue from the
Thy glorious Immortality in *n*
A theme for ever, and for all,
Of moment infinite! but reliſt
By thoſe who love Thee moſt,
Nature, thy daughter, ever-
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*,
Speaks wiſdom; is his oracle f
And he who moſt conſults her,
Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delp
And come back all-immortal;
Look nature through, 'tis *revo*

Autumn, and his golden fruits, away:
melts into the Spring: Soft Spring, with
eath 685
an, from warm chambers of the ſouth,
the *firſt*. All, to re-flouriſh, fades;
a wheel, all ſinks, to re-aſcend.
ms of man, who paſſes, not expires.
h this minute diſtinction, emblems juſt, 690
revolves, but man *advances*; both
l, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
ravitates, *this* ſoars. Th' aſpiring ſoul,
, and *tremulous*, like flame, aſcends,
id *humility* her wings, to heaven. 695
orld of matter, with its various forms,
s into new life. Life born from death
he vaſt maſs, and ſhall for ever roll.
le atom, once in being, loſt,
hange of counſel charges the Moſt High. 700
t hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?
immortal? And ſhall *Spirit* die?
the nobler, ſhall leſs noble riſe?
Ian alone, for whom all elſe revives,
rrection know? Shall Man alone, 705
l Man! be ſown in barren ground,
vileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
, in whom alone is power to prize
's of being, or with previous pain
its period, by the ſpleen of fate, 710
doom'd *death's* ſingle unredeem'd?

If

parts, into parts reciprocally ſhot,
Abhor divorce: what love of unio
Here, dormant matter waits a call
Half-life, half-death, join there;
There, ſenſe from reaſon ſteals a g
Reaſon ſhines out in man. But h
The chain unbroken upward, to t
Of incorporeal life? thoſe realms
Where death hath no dominion? C
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earth
And part ethereal; grant the ſoul
Eternal; or in man the ſeries ends,
Wide yawns the gap; connexion i
Check'd *reaſon* halts; her next ſte
Striving to climb, ſhe tumbles fro
A ſcheme, *analogy* pronounc'd ſo t
Analogy, man's ſureſt guide below.
Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy
And will Lorenzo, careleſs of the

eaſon to the majeſty of man!
immortal! Hear the lofty ſtyle:
decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
arth diſſolve, yon pondrous orbs deſcend,
grind us into duſt. The *ſoul* is ſafe;
man emerges; mounts above the wreck,
owering flame from *nature's* funeral pyre;
devaſtation, as a gainer, ſmiles;
harter, his inviolable rights,
pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
h's pointleſs darts, and hell's defeated ſtorms."
heſe chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
ries of the world thy ſevenfold *ſhield.*
mbition than of crowns in air,
perlunary felicities,
ſom warm. I 'll cool it, if I can;
rn thoſe glories that inchant, againſt thee.
ies thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next.*
, the cauſe that wounds thee is thy cure.
:, my *ambitious!* let us mount together
ount, Lorenzo never can refuſe);
om the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
own on earth.—What ſeeſt thou? Wondrous
ngs!
ial wonders, that eclipſe the ſkies.
engths of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas!
by man, for pleaſure, wealth, or war!
/inds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
acknowledge, and promote his ends.
1 th' eternal rocks his will withſtand;

What

See, wide dominions raviſh
The narrow'd deep with in
Or ſouthward turn; to *deli*
The finer arts there ripen i
How the tall temples, as to
Aſcend the ſkies! the proud
Shews us half heaven benea
High through mid air, *here*,
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by
Here, plains turn oceans; *t*
Through kingdoms channel
And chang'd creation takes
Beats thy brave breaſt for fo
Where fame and empire wai
See fields in blood; hear nav
Britannia's voice! that awes
How yon enormous mole pro
The mid-ſea, furious waves
Out-ſpeaks the Deity—

ecrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
t monument of genius, ſpirit, power!
id now, Lorenzo! raptur'd at this ſcene,
ſe glories render heaven ſuperfluous! ſay,
ſe footſteps theſe?—*Immortals* have been here.
l leſs than ſouls immortal this have done?
's cover'd o'er with proofs of ſouls immortal;
proofs of immortality *forgot*.
flatter thy grand foible, I confeſs,
: are *ambition's* works: and theſe are great:
his, the leaſt immortal ſouls can do;
ſcend them all—But what can theſe tranſcend?
ſk me what?—One ſigh for the *diſtreſt*.
: then for *infidels*? A *deeper* ſigh.
noral grandeur makes the mighty man:
little they, who think aught *great* below!
ur ambitions death defeats, but one;
that it crowns. Here ceaſe we: but, ere long,
powerful *proof* ſhall take the field againſt thee,
ger than death, and ſmiling at the tomb.

NIGHT

THE SECO

O

THE INFIDEL

CONTA

THE NATURE, PROOF
OF IMMOR

PREF

AS we are at war with t
we were at war with th
land of *levity* is a land of
the native soil of every virtu
that does true honour to ma
tality has been the favourite

inion which is advanced in the preface to the ing *Night*, be juſt. It is there ſuppoſed, that all *idels*, whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and p themſelves in countenance, they patronize, are ed into their deplorable error, by ſome doubts of *nmortality*, at the bottom. And the more I con- nis point, the more I am perſuaded of the truth t opinion. Though the diſtruſt of a *futurity* is a error; yet it is an error into which *bad* men *aturally* be diſtreſſed. For it is impoſſible to bid e to final ruin, without ſome refuge in imagi- , ſome preſumption of eſcape. And what pre- ion is there? There are but two in nature; but within the compaſs of human thought. And re—That either God *will* not, or *can* not puniſh. lering the divine attributes, the *firſt* is too groſs digeſted by our ſtrongeſt wiſhes. And ſince *om- ce* is as much a divine attribute as *holineſs*, that *annot* puniſh, is as abſurd a ſuppoſition, as the r. God certainly can puniſh as long as wicked xiſt. In non-exiſtence, therefore, is their only ; and, conſequently, non-exiſtence is their eſt wiſh. And ſtrong wiſhes have a ſtrange in- e on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a er, almoſt, incredible. And ſince on *this* mem- their *alternative*, there are ſome very ſmall *ap- nces* in their *favour*, and none at all on the *other*, atch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimæra, e themſelves from the ſhock and horror of an *im- te* and *abſolute* deſpair.

On

mortality, new at leaſt to m
There alſo the writer has m
groſs abſurdities and horrors
and more affecting view, th
with elſewhere.

The gentlemen, for wh
chiefly made, profeſs great a
of heathen antiquity: what
cere! If they were ſincere, h
to conſider, with what conte
notions would have been re
ſo much admire! What deg
horrence would fall to their
by the following matter of
tremely memorable. Of all
Socrates (it is well known)
diſpaſſionate, and compoſed:
temper was angry; and ang

aſking him, with ſuch an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he ſhould depoſit his remains?" it was reſented by Socrates, as implying a diſhonourable ſuppoſition, that he could be ſo mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himſelf, that was *not immortal.*

This fact well conſidered would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illuſtrious example, to ſhare his glory: and, conſequently, it would incline them to peruſe the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I deſire; and that, for *their* ſakes: for I am perſuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel muſt, neceſſarily, receive ſome advantageous impreſſions from them.

July 7, 1744.

his *Paſſions* and *Powers*, 64
of *Reaſon*, 81; from his fea
nature of *Hope*, 104, and
Knowledge and *Love*, as bei
perties of the ſoul, 253; fro
290, &c. from the nature of
rice, 460; *Pleaſure*, 477; a
of the *Paſſions*, 521. *Immo*
preſent ſtate intelligible, 545.
Stoics diſbelief of immortalit
leſs queſtions unreſolvable, b
immortality, 606. The natu
pathetic complaint of a wo
ſuaſion of no *futurity*, 653,
ties and horrors of *annihilation*
842, &c. The ſoul's vaſt *im*
whence it ariſes, 1078. The
fidel, 1131, the *Infamy*, 114
the *Character*, 1203, of an i
free-thinking is, 1217. The
the falſe, 1271. Man's ruin
An infidel accuſes himſelf of

NIGHT VII.

EAVEN gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
'ake the ſoul to ſenſe of future ſcenes?
's ſtand, like Mercurys, in every way,
kindly point us to our journey's end.
, who couldſt make immortals! art thou dead?
e thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
on to follow. Man but dives in death;
; from the ſun, in fairer day to riſe;
grave, his ſubterranean road to bliſs.
infinite indulgence plann'd it ſo;
ugh various parts our glorious ſtory runs;
gives the preface, *endleſs age* unrolls
volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.
is, earth and *ſkies* * *already* have proclaim'd.
world 's a prophecy of worlds to come;
who, what God foretels (who ſpeaks in *things*,
louder than in *words*) ſhall dare deny?
ture's arguments appear too weak,
a new leaf, and ſtronger read in *man*.
an ſleeps on, untaught by what he *ſees*,
he prove infidel to what he *feels*?
whoſe blind thought futurity denies,
nſcious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
wn indictment; he condemns himſelf;

* Night the Sixth.

He whom ſea-ſever'd realm
Who ſteals his whole domi
Repelling winter blaſts with
Diſquieted alike, draw ſigh
In fate ſo diſtant, in compl
Is it, that things *terreſtri*
Deep in rich paſture, will t
Not ſo; but to their maſter
To ſhare their ſweet *ſerene.*
In this, not *his own* place,
Where nature fodders him w
Than was ordain'd his cravi
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd
Sighs on for ſomething *more*,
Is heaven then kinder to th
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, b
In part, remote; for that ren
Man bleats from *inſtinct*, tho

rutal acquieſcence in the mire?
o! no! they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
orious *foreigners*, diſtreſs'd, ſhall ſigh
ones; and thou *congratulate* the ſigh:
miſery declares him born for bliſs;
rious heart aſſerts the truth I ſing,
ves the *ſceptic* in his head the *lye*.
heads, our hearts, our *paſſions*, and our *powers*,
he ſame language; call us to the ſkies;
n'd *theſe* in this inclement clime,
riſe above conjecture and miſtake;
r this land of trifles *thoſe* too ſtrong
tuous riſe, and tempeſt human life:
prize on earth can pay us for the ſtorm?
bjects for our *paſſions* heaven ordain'd,
that challenge all their fire, and leave
lt, but in defect: Bleſt Heaven! avert
ided ardour for unbounded bliſs!
bliſs *unbounded!* far beneath
immortal, is a mortal joy.
our *powers* to periſh immature;
fter feeble effort *here*, beneath
hter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
lanted from this ſublunary bed,
ouriſh fair, and put forth all their bloom.
on progreſſive, *inſtinct* is complete;
inſtinct leaps; ſlow *reaſon* feebly climbs.
ſoon their zenith reach; their little all
in at once; in ages they no more
know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.

The ſun's *meridian* with the
To man, why, ſtep-dame *n*
Why thrown aſide thy maſter
While meaner efforts thy laſt
Or, if abortively poor man r
Nor reach, what reach he mi
Why curſt with foreſight? W
Why of his proud prerogativ
Why leſs pre-eminent in ranl
His *immortality* alone can tel
Full ample fund to balance a
And turn the ſcale in favour
His *immortality* alone can ſ
The darkeſt of *ænigmas*, hun
Of all the darkeſt, if at deatl
Hope, eager hope, th' aſſaſſin
All *preſent* bleſſings treading
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than

Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies *all* that man with ardour ſhould purſue;
And He who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the *future* ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings;
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ſtill;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for ſomething *new*
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He *will* deſcend. He ſtarves on the *poſſeſt*.
Hence, the world's maſter, from ambition's ſpire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank ſty why wallow'd empire's ſon
Supreme? Becauſe he could no higher fly;
His *riot* was *ambition* in deſpair.
Old Rome conſulted birds; Lorenzo! thou,
With more ſucceſs, the flight of *hope* ſurvey;
Of reſtleſs hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And, never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There ſhould it fail us (it muſt fail us there,
If *being* fails) more mournful riddles riſe,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in myſtery.
Why *virtue?* Where its praiſe, its being, fled?
Virtue is true ſelf-intereſt purſued:
What true ſelf-intereſt of *quite*-mortal man?
To cloſe with all that makes him happy *here*.

And what is right, but means ‹
No means of happineſs when *vi*
That baſis failing, falls the bui
And lays in ruin every *virtuous*
The rigid guardian of a blam
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed
Is weak; with rank knight-erra
Why beats thy boſom with illuſ
Of ſelf-expoſure, laudable, and
Of gallant enterprize, and glori
Die for thy country?—Thou ro
Seize, ſeize the plank thyſelf, ar
Thy *country!* what to Thee?—
(I ſpeak with awe!) though He
If, with thy blood, thy *final* ho
Nor can Omnipotence reward th
Be deaf; preſerve thy being; di
Nor is it diſobedience: know,

Their gain, at thy expence, reſound applauſe.
Since *virtue's* recompence is doubtful, *here*,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man *ſuffer'd* to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man *injoin'd?*
Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd?*
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breaſt,
By ſweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whiſpers *nature* lyes on virtue's part?
Or if blind *inſtinct* (which aſſumes the name
Of ſacred conſcience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reaſon* made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the *wiſeſt* loudeſt in her praiſe?
Can man by *reaſon's* beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God?*
Since virtue *ſometimes* ruins us on earth,
Or *both* are true; or man ſurvives the grave.
Or man ſurvives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boaſt ſupreme, a wild abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy ſpirit; cowards are thy ſcorn.
Grant man *immortal*, and thy ſcorn is juſt.
The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
Dares ruſh on death—becauſe he cannot die.
But if man loſes All, when life is loſt,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A *daring* infidel (and ſuch there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, moſt deſerves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd

For

Why was he wiſe to *know*, and wa
And ſtrenuous to *tranſcribe*, in hun
The Mind Almighty? Could it be,
Juſt when the lineaments began to
And dawn the Deity, ſhould ſnatch
With night eternal blot it out, and
The ſkies alarm, leſt *angels* too mi
If human ſouls, why not angelic
Extinguiſh'd? and a *ſolitary* God,
O'er ghaſtly ruin, frowning from h
Shall we this moment gaze on God
The next, loſe man for ever in the
From duſt we diſengage, or man *n*
And there, where leaſt his judgme
Wiſdom and *worth* how boldly he
Wiſdom and *worth* are ſacred name
Where not embrac'd; applauded!
Why not *compaſſion'd* too? If ſpir

wilt not patronize a ſcheme that makes
/s and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.
virtue, then, no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear-bought*.
e'er ſo long, in this imperfect ſtate,
and vice are at eternal war.
's a combat; and who fights for nought?
precarious, or for ſmall reward?
irtue's *ſelf-reward* ſo loud reſound,
take degrees *angelic* here below,
irtue, while they compliment, betray,
ole motives, and unfaithful guards.
own, th' *unfading* crown, her ſoul inſpires:
hat, and That alone, can countervail
ody's treacheries, and the *world's* aſſaults:
th's poor pay our famiſh'd virtue dies.
inconteſtable! In ſpite of all
le has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
an the more we dive, the more we ſee
's ſignet ſtamping an *immortal* make.
o the bottom of his ſoul, the baſe
ing all; what find we? *Knowledge*, *Love*.
ht and heat, eſſential to the ſun,
o the ſoul. And *why*, if ſouls expire?
ttle lovely *here*? How little known?
knowledge we dig up with endleſs toil;
ve unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect hate.
tarv'd, on earth, our *angel* appetites;
brutal are indulg'd their fulſome fill?
hen capacities *divine* conferr'd,
nock-diadem, in ſavage ſport,

Rank

The worst to *wallow*, and the
The man who merits most, mu
Can we conceive a disregard in
What the worst *perpetrate*, or l

This cannot be. To *love*, a
Is boundless appetite, and bou
And these demonstrate boundle
Objects, powers, appetites, he
Nor, *nature* through, e'er viola
Eternal concord, on her tunefu
Is *man* the sole exception from
Eternity struck off from human
(I speak with truth, but venera
Man is a monster, the reproach
A stain, a dark impenetrable cl
On nature's beauteous aspect; a
(Amazing blot!) deforms her w
If such is man's allotment, *wh*
Or own the soul

With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs;
Mankind's peculiar! *reaſon's* precious dower!
To foreign clime *they* ranſack for their robes;
For brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in every field,
On boughs *forbidden* where no curſes hang:
Their *ill* no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe; unſtretcht
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the *worſt* comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but *once*;
Bleſt, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher, or *hero*, ſighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpſe of day, to ſolve the knot,
But what beams on it from *eternity*.
O ſole, and ſweet ſolution! That unties
The difficult, and ſoftens the ſevere;
The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face diſpels;
Reſtores bright *order*; caſts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in ſupremacy
Of joy, ev'n *here*: admit immortal life,
And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reverſion: *Hope* exults;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taſte of heaven.
O wherefore is the Deity ſo kind?
A ſtoniſhing beyond aſtoniſhment!

Heaven

...ew, unexpected witneſs againſt th
Ambition, *pleaſure*, and the *love of*
Canſt thou ſuſpect, that *theſe*, whic
The *ſlave* of earth, ſhould own her
Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us *di*
Our immortality, ſhould prove it *fur*

Firſt, then, *ambition* ſummon to t
Ambition's *ſhame*, *extravagance*, *d*
And *inextinguiſhable nature*, ſpeak.
Each much *depoſes*; hear them in th

Thy ſoul, how paſſionately fond o
How anxious, that fond paſſion to c
We bluſh, detected in deſigns on pra
Though for beſt deeds, and from th
And why? Becauſe *immortal*. Art
Has made the body tutor to the ſoul;
Heaven kindly gives our blood a *mor*
Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, an
Upbraid that little heart in

One age is poor applauſe; the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time muſt echo; worlds unborn, reſound.
We wiſh our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.
Inſtinct points out an intereſt in hereafter;
But our blind *reaſon* ſees not *where* it lies;
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And in itſelf a ſhadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is This all?" cry'd Cæſar at his height,
Diſguſted. This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,
Obſerve him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt, between
The paſſion and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At *ſuch* ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? Becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.
And can ambition a *fourth* proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'er-look'd by ſome *reputed* wiſe.
Though diſappointments in ambition *pain*,
And though ſucceſs *diſguſts*; yet ſtill, Lorenzo!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our hearts;
By nature planted for the nobleſt ends.

In ſpite of *fortune's* load. No
Each villager has his ambition
No *Sultan* prouder than his fell
Slaves build their little Babylo
Echo the proud Aſſyrian in the
And cry,—" Behold the wond
And why? Becauſe *immortal* a
And ſouls immortal muſt for e
At ſomething great; the glitte
The praiſe of mortals, or the

Nor abſolutely vain is *human*
When human is ſupported by
I 'll introduce Lorenzo to Him
Pleaſure and *pride* (bad maſter
As love of *pleaſure* is ordain'd
And feed our bodies, and ext
The love of *praiſe* is planted
And propagate the glories of

Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue!* leſs in debt
To praiſe, thy ſecret ſtimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praiſe is the ſalt that ſeaſons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirſt of applauſe is virtue's *ſecond* guard;
Reaſon, her firſt; but reaſon wants an aid;
Our *private* reaſon is a flatterer;
Thirſt of applauſe calls *public* judgment in,
To poiſe our own, to keep an even ſcale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
  Here a *fifth* proof ariſes, ſtronger ſtill:
Why this ſo nice conſtruction of our hearts?
Theſe delicate moralities of *ſenſe*;
This *conſtitutional* reſerve of aid
To ſuccour virtue, when our *reaſon* fails;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of diſciplines, and pains, unpaid) muſt die?
Why freighted-rich, to daſh againſt a rock?
Were man to periſh when moſt fit to live,
O how miſ-ſpent were all theſe ſtratagems,
By ſkill divine invowen in our frame!
Where are heaven's holineſs and mercy fled?
Laughs heaven, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man?*
If not, why *that* diſcourag'd, *this* deſtroy'd?
  Thus far *ambition*. What ſays *avarice?*
This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *Thine*:

But, reaſon failing to diſc
Or to the deaf diſcharging
A blunder follows; and l
Gall'd by the ſpur, but ſt
(The courſe where ſtakes
O'er-loading, with the ca
The jaded ſpirits of the *p*
Provides for an *eternity* be
"*Thou ſhalt not covet*,"
But bounded to the wealt
Look farther, the comma
And *avarice* is a virtue m
Is *faith* a refuge for our *h*
Moſt ſure: and is it not f
Nothing *this* world unridd
Whence inextinguiſhable
From inextinguiſhable life
Man, if not meant, by *u*

ike them ſparkle in the bowl of *bliſs*.
:he *third witneſs* laughs at bliſs remote,
ſely promiſes an Eden here:
he ſhall ſpeak for once, though prone to lye,
non cheat, and *Pleaſure* is her name.
ſure never was Lorenzo deaf;
:ar her now, now *firſt* thy *real* friend.
nature made us not more fond than *proud*
›ineſs (whence hypocrites in joy!
of mirth! artificers of ſmiles!)
ould the joy moſt poignant *ſenſe* affords
: with bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
:eaven-born bluſhes tell us man *deſcends*,
the zenith of his *earthly* bliſs:
reaſon take her infidel repoſe,
neſt *inſtinct* ſpeaks our lineage high;
ſtinct calls on darkneſs to conceal
turous relation to the ſtalls.
y covers us with noble *ſhame*,
that 's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.
n that bluſhes is not quite a *brute*.
r with Thee, Lorenzo! will I cloſe,
is good, and man for pleaſure made;
ıſure full of glory, as of joy;
, which neither *bluſhes*, nor *expires*.
witneſſes are heard; the cauſe is o'er;
ience file the ſentence in her court,
han *deeds* that half a realm convey:
l'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.

" His very *crimes* atteſt his
" His ſateleſs thirſt of *pleaſ*
" Declares him born for ble
" What leſs than infinite m
" *Paſſions*, which *all* on ear
" Fierce paſſions, ſo miſ-me
" Stretch'd out, like eagles
" Far, far beyond the worl
" For *earth* too large, preſa
" And evidence our title to

Ye gentle theologues, of
Whoſe conſtitution dictates
Who, cold yourſelves, thin
Think not our paſſions from
Though to corruption now
That is their *miſtreſs*, not th
(And juſtly) *reaſon* deem di
I feel a grandeur, in the *paſ*

With low, terreſtrial appetite, to graze
On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, through their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us, whence they fell:
But *theſe* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd),
When *reaſon* moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrenſy laſts; their phrenſy fails
To diſappoint *one* providential end,
For which heaven blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were *reaſon* ſilent, boundleſs *paſſion* ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens All;
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *ſure*.
Conſider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible All; and All is great;
A cryſtalline tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre through the human ſphere:
Conſider man as *mortal*, All is dark,
And wretched; *reaſon* weeps at the ſurvey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak, *modern* reaſon: *Antient* times were wiſe.
"*Authority*, that venerable guide,
"Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch
"(And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)
"Deny'd this immortality to man."

They leave th' extravagance
" Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, fe
" The dagger or the rack; t
" A bed of roſes, or the bu
In men exploding all beyond
Strange doctrine, This! As
But not, as *prophecy*; for ſu
And, to their own amazemer
They feign'd a firmneſs *Chriſ*
The *Chriſtian* truly triumph'
The *Stoic* ſaw, in double wo
Wonder at Them, and wonc
To find the bold adventures
Not bold, and that he ſtrove
Whence, then, thoſe th
thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights?—Fr
The glorious *inſtinct* of a de

leas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reaſon* diſbeliev'd.
ride, like the Delphic prieſteſs, with a ſwell,
av'd nonſenſe, deſtin'd to be *future* ſenſe,
Vhen life *immortal*, in full day, ſhould ſhine;
nd *death's dark ſhadows* fly the goſpel ſun.
hey ſpoke, what nothing but *immortal* ſouls
ould ſpeak; and thus the truth they queſtion'd, prov'd.
Can then *abſurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
peak man *immortal?* All things ſpeak him ſo.
ſuch has been urg'd: and doſt thou call for more?
all; and with endleſs queſtions be diſtreſs'd,
ll unreſolvable, if *earth* is all.

"Why life, a moment; infinite, deſire?
Our wiſh, Eternity? Our home, the Grave?
Heaven's *promiſe* dormant lies in human *hope*;
Who *wiſhes* life immortal, proves it too.
Why happineſs purſued, though never found?
Man's thirſt of happineſs declares *It is*,
(For nature never gravitates to nought);
That thirſt unquench'd declares *It is not Here*.
My Lucia, *Thy* Clariſſa, call to thought;
Why *cordial friendſhip* riveted ſo deep,
As hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting, rend,
If friend, and friendſhip, vaniſh in an hour?
Is not This torment in the maſk of joy?
Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *ſenſe?*
Why *paſt*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
And putting all our *preſent* joys to death?
Why labours *reaſon? inſtinct* were as well;

And boſom-council to declin
Reaſon with inclination ne'er
If nothing future paid forbe:
Thus on—Theſe, and a thou
All *promiſe*, ſome *enſure*, a l
Which, were it *doubtful*, wo
Than all things elſe moſt *cer*
What *truth* on earth ſo preci
This world it gives us, let wl
This world it gives, in that l
The future of the preſent is
How *this* life groans, when ſ
Poor mutilated wretch, that
By dark diſtruſt his being cut
In *both* parts periſhes; *life* vo
Sad prelude of *Eternity* in pa
Couldſt thou perſuade me,
Our ardent wiſhes; how ſhou

" *Grief* from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere while.
" The future *vaniſh'd!* and the preſent *pain'd!*
" Strange import of unprecedented ill!
" Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
" Unequal fate! His fall, without his guilt!
" From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
" The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
" To night! To *nothing*, darker ſtill than night!
" If 't was a *dream*, why wake me, my worſt Foe,
" Lorenzo! boaſtful of the name of Friend!
" O for deluſion! O for error ſtill!
" Could vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger than to plant
" A *thinking* being in a world like This,
" Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
" More curſt than at the *fall?*—The ſun goes out!
" The thorns ſhoot up! What thorns in every thought!
" Why ſenſe of better? It imbitters worſe.
" Why ſenſe? why life? If but to ſigh, then ſink
" To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!
" Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe from what was
" wont
" To flatter moſt, high *intellectual powers.*
" *Thought, virtue, knowledge!* bleſſings, by *thy* ſcheme,
" All poiſon'd into pains. Firſt, *knowledge*, once
" My ſoul's ambition, *now* her greateſt dread.
" To *know myſelf*, true wiſdom?—No, to ſhun
" That ſhocking ſcience, parent of deſpair!
" Avert thy mirror: if I ſee, I die.
" *Know my Creator?* Climb His bleſt abode
" By painful ſpeculation, pierce the veil,

" Dive

" To curſe his birth, nor envy
" Ye ſable clouds! ye darkeſt ſt
" Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him,
" Once all my comfort; ſource,
" Now leagu'd with furies, and w
" *Know His atchievements?*
" Contemplate this amazing un
" Dropt from His hand, with r
" For what? 'Mid miracles of
" To find one miracle of *miſer*
" To find the Being, which alc
" And *praiſe* His works, a ble
" Through nature's ample rang
" And ſtart at *man*, the ſingle
" Breathing high hope! chain'
" death?
" Knowing is ſuffering: anc
" The ſigh of *knowledge?*—Vi
" By ſtraining up the ſteep of

" Merit is madneſs; virtue is a crime;
" A crime to *reaſon*, if it coſts us pain
" *Unpaid*: what pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
" To think the moſt *abandon'd*, after days
" Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
" As *ſoft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
" *Duty! Religion!*—Theſe, our duty done,
" Imply reward. *Religion* is miſtake.
" *Duty!*—There 's none, but to repel the cheat.
" Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
" Who feign yourſelves the favourites of the ſkies:
" Ye towering hopes! abortive energies!
" That toſs, and ſtruggle, in my *lying* breaſt,
" To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions There,
" As I were heir of an *Eternity*.
" Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
" Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
" As bounded as my being, be my wiſh.
" All is inverted, *wiſdom* is a fool.
" *Senſe!* take the rein; blind *paſſion!* drive us on;
" And, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way;
" Ye *new*, but *trueſt* patrons of our peace!
" Yes; give the *pulſe* full empire; live the *brute*,
" Since, as the brute, we die. The *ſum* of man,
" Of Godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
" But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
" *Their* revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
" And ſafer too; *they* never poiſons chuſe.
" *Inſtinct*, than *reaſon*, makes more wholſome meals,
" And ſends all-marring murmur far away.

" For

" The wide-ſtretch'd realm
" Surpaſſing *ſenſual* far, is
" In *life* ſo fatally diſtingui
" Caſt in one lot, confound
" Ere yet in being, was
" Why thunder'd this pecu
" *All-mortal and All-wretc*
" Reaſons of ſtate, their ſu
" Nor *humbly* reaſon, when
" *All-mortal, and All-wretc*
" Unparallel'd in nature
" On being *unrequeſted* at T
" Omnipotent! for I ſee no
" And why ſee That? Wh
" Then make our bed in dark
" What ſuperfluities are *rea*
" Oh give Eternity! or Th
" But without thought our

" For *me*, to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
" Too much for *heaven* to make one emmet more? 770
" Too much for *chaos* to permit my maſs
" A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
" Unfaſhion'd, *untormented* into *man?*
" Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
" Wretched capacity of phrenzy, *thought!* 775
" Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
" *Life, thought, worth, wiſdom,* All (O foul revolt!)
" *Once* friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
" *Death,* then, has chang'd his nature too: O death!
" Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of heaven! 780
" Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
" Why in this thorny *wilderneſs* ſo long,
" Since there 's no *promis'd land's* ambroſial bower,
" To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of heaven 785
" To ſting us ſore, why *mockt* our miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
" Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd *deſpair?*
" At ſtated periods, ſure-returning, roll 790
" Theſe *glorious orbs,* that mortals may compute
" Their length of labours, and of pains; nor loſe
" Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with flowers,
" And fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming *earth,*
" That man may languiſh in *luxurious* ſcenes, 795
" And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
" Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
" For *ſuch* delights! Bleſt *animals!* too wiſe

" To

" A Thebes, a Babylon,
" Of time, toil, treaſure, a
" As congruous, as, for n
" Which prompts proud tho
" If, from her humble cha
" While proud thought ſwe
" The poor *worm* calls us
" And, round us, *death's* i
" Draws the dark curtain c
" *Undrawn no more!*—B
" Once, I beheld a ſun; a
" That ſable cloud, and tu
" How the *grave* 's alter'd!
" A *real* hell to thoſe who d
" Annihilation! How it ya
" Next moment I may drop fr
" The privilege of *angels*, a
" An out-caſt from exiſtence

" When horror *univerſal* ſhall deſcend,
" And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
" How juſt this verſe! this monumental ſigh!"

Beneath the lumber of demoliſh'd worlds,
Deep in the rubbiſh of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common maſs
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud rationals; *The ſons of heaven!*
The lords of earth! The property of worms!
Beings of yeſterday, and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in chaos; *or to make*
Their happy tranſit into blocks *or* brutes,
Nor longer ſully their Creator's *name.*

Lorenzo! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
uſt is this hiſtory? If *ſuch* is man,
lankind's hiſtorian, though divine, might weep.
nd dares Lorenzo ſmile!—I know thee proud;
or once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
t ſuch a ſcene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
mid thy boaſts, preſumptions, and diſplays,
nd art thou then a ſhadow? Leſs than ſhade?
Nothing? *Leſs* than Nothing? To *have* been,
nd *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.
rt thou *ambitious?* Why then make the worm
hine equal? Runs thy taſte of *pleaſure* high?
hy patronize ſure death of every joy?

Charm

Great *nature's* master-appeti
Is endleſs life, and happine
Or both wiſh'd, *here*, where
Such man's perverſe, eterna
Dar'ſt thou perſiſt? And is
But a long train of tranſito
Riſing, and breaking, milli
Bubbles of a fantaſtic deity,
In ſport, and then in cruelt
Oh! for what crime, unme
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the *wh*
Kind is fell Lucifer, compa
Oh! ſpare this *waſte* of bei
And vindicate th' *œconomy*
Heaven is all love; all jo
It never had created, but to
And ſhall it, then, ſtrike off
A being bleſt, or worthy *ſo*
Heaven ſtarts at an *annihilat*

What deadly poiſon has thy nature drunk;
To nature undebauch'd no ſhock ſo great;
Nature's *firſt* wiſh is *endleſs happineſs*;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-exiſtence no man ever wiſh'd,
But, firſt, he wiſh'd the Deity deſtroy'd.
If ſo; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of deſperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal poſture of the ſoul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At ſuch a birth, a birth ſo near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp ſo black a ſcheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities begun*, reduc'd to duſt?
There 's nought (thou ſay'ſt) but one eternal flux
Of feeble eſſences, tumultuous driven
Through *time's* rough billows into *night's* abyſs.
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's toſſing thought
Can reſt from terror, dare his fate ſurvey,
And boldly think it *ſomething* to be born?
Amid ſuch hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-ſuſtaining *baſe*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *deſtruction* to refund her ſpoil?

Pluck'd from foul *devaſtation*'
Binds *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future*
His throne, how glorious, thus
By germinating beings cluſteri
A garland worthy the divinity!
A throne, by heaven's omnipo
Built (like a *pharos* towering i
Amidſt immenſe effuſions of hi
An ocean of *communicated* bliſ

An all-prolific, all preſervin
This were a God indeed.—And
As here preſum'd: he riſes fro
Think'ſt thou Omnipotence a n
Each bloſſom fair of Deity deſt
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing
That ever animated human cla
Now wakes; is on the wing: :
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When

How ſhould we gaſp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famiſh'd *hope* expire!
How bright *my* proſpect ſhines! how gloomy, *thine!*
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs maſſacres
Of countleſs millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *loſt*. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us ſhudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to ſuch a phantom world,
Where nought ſubſtantial but our miſery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our diſtreſs,
So ſoon to periſh, and revive no more?
The greater *ſuch* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, ſo far from *great* (and yet how great
It ſhines to thee!) there 's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a ſhadow; *conſciouſneſs*, a dream:
A dream, how dreadful! Univerſal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a ſpark
From non-exiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine,
Glittering a moment, nor that moment ſure,
'Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding *night*,
His ſad, ſure, ſudden, and eternal tomb!
Lorenzo! doſt thou *feel* theſe arguments?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
How haſt thou dar'd the deity dethrone?
How dar'd *indict* Him of a world like this?
If *ſuch* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cauſe of miſery?
Retract, blaſphemer! and unriddle *this*,

So juſt the ſkies, Philander's lif
His heart ſo pure; *that*, or *ſucc*
Have palms to give, or ne'er ha
" *What an old tale is this!*"
I grant this argument is old; b
No years impair; and had not t
Thou never hadſt deſpis'd it for
Truth is immortal as thy ſoul;
As fleeting as thy joys: be wiſe
Heaven's higheſt bleſſing, venge
Nor make a curſe of *immortalit*
Say, know'ſt thou what *it* is,
Know'ſt thou th' *importance* of
Behold this midnight glory: w
Amazing pomp! redouble this
Ten thouſand add; add twice t
Then weigh the whole; *one* ſou
And calls th' aſtoniſhing magni

n *Omnipotence* has wak'd ſo long:
'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
e to this *unbelieving* hour.
ſmall province of His vaſt domain
ure bow, while I pronounce His Name!)
s God done, and not for *this* ſole end,
ſouls from death? The *ſoul's high price*
all the conduct of the ſkies.
's high price is the *Creation's Key*.
its myſteries, and naked lays
ine cauſe of every deed divine:
he *chain of ages*, which maintains
vious correſpondence, and unites
ant periods in one bleſt deſign:
he *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
utions, whether we regard
ral, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
ner two but ſervants to the third:
there duty done, they both expire,
ſt new-caſt, forgot their *deeds renown'd*;
els aſk, "*Where once they ſhone ſo fair?*"
t us from this abject, to ſublime;
c, to permanent; this dark, to day;
l, to pure; this turbid, to ſerene;
an, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
ighty, riſing, his long ſabbath broke!
ld was made; was ruin'd; was reſtor'd;
m the ſkies were publiſh'd; were repeal'd;
kings, kingdoms, roſe; kings, kingdoms, fell;
ges lighted up the *pagan* world;

Guilt was hell's gloom;
For one ſhort moment Li
Lorenzo! and wilt thou
That *hallow'd page*, fool
Of all theſe truths thrice
Deiſts! perform your qua
Fall proſtrate, ere you to
Nor leſs intenſely bent
To mar, than thoſe of *li*
O what a ſcene is here!—
Riſe to the thought; exer
To take the vaſt idea: it
All *elſe* the name of great
Not Europe againſt Afric
Of *more* than mortal! m
On ardent wings of energ
High-hovering o'er this li
This ſublunary ball—But

And tempeſt nature's univerſal ſphere.
Such oppoſites eternal, ſtedfaſt, ſtern,
Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill*;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.
Think not this fiction, "*There was war in heaven.*"
From heaven's high cryſtal mountain, where it hung,
Th' Almighty's out-ſtretch'd arm took down his bow,
And ſhot his indignation at the *deep*:
Re-thunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires.
And ſeems the ſtake of little moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers *man*, who ſingly caus'd the ſtorm?
He ſleeps.—And art thou ſhock'd at *myſteries?*
The greateſt, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counſel *mortals* cauſe
In breaſts divine! how little in their own!
Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me!
How happily this wondrous view ſupports
My former argument! How ſtrongly *ſtrikes*
Immortal life's full demonſtration, *here!*
Why this exertion? Why this ſtrange regard
From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Becauſe, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or bleſt, for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; ſwells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight;
Or ſtand, or fall; no matter which; he 's gone.
Becauſe Immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This ſtrange regard of deities to duſt.
Hence heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes:

Has held high counſel o'er th
Nor have the clouds thoſe
Angels undrew the curtain o
And Providence came forth t
In various modes of emphaſis
He ſpoke his will, and trembl
He ſpoke it loud, in thunder
Witneſs, thou Sinai! whoſe
And ſhaken baſis, own'd the
Witneſs, ye *billows!* whoſe r
Breaking the chain that faſten
Swept Egypt, and her menac
Witneſs, ye *flames!* th' Aſſyr
To ſevenfold rage, as impote
And thou, *earth!* witneſs, wh
Clos'd o'er * *preſumption's* ſac
Has not each element, in turn
The / *s high price.* and ſwo

's no conſiſtence, meaning, plan, or end,
eneath the ſun, in all above,
: as man can penetrate), or heaven
nmenſe, ineſtimable prize;
s Nothing, or that prize is all.—
all each *toy* be ſtill a match for heaven,
ll equivalent for groans below?
ould not give a trifle to *prevent*
e would give a thouſand worlds to *cure*?
zo! thou haſt ſeen (if thine to ſee)
ure, and her God (by nature's *courſe*,
ture's courſe *control'd)* declare for me:
es above proclaim, "*immortal* man!"
' man *immortal!*" all below reſounds.
rld 's a ſyſtem of theology,
y the greateſt ſtrangers to the ſchools;
, learn'd; and *ſages* o'er a plough.
Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
rd alternative; or, to renounce
aſon, or thy *ſenſe*; or, to *believe*?
hen is *unbelief*? 'Tis an exploit;
uous enterprize: to gain it, man
urſt through every bar of common ſenſe,
mon ſhame, magnanimouſly wrong;
at rewards the ſturdy combatant?
e, *repentance*; *infamy*, his crown.
herefore, *infamy*?—For want of *faith*,
he ſteep precipice of *wrong* he ſlides;
s nothing to ſupport him in the *right*.
the future wanting is at leaſt

In

nounce St. Evremont, and re
Ere, rapt by miracle, by *reaſon*
His mounting mind made long
This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd
To ſend the ſoul, on curious tr
Through all the provinces of h
To dart her flight through the wh
Of this vaſt univerſe to make t
In each receſs of *ſpace*, and *tim*
Familiar with their wonders; (
And, like a prince of boundle
Still moſt ambitious of the mo
To look on *truth* unbroken, a
Truth in the *ſyſtem*, the full o
By truths enlighten'd, and ſuſ
An arch-like, ſtrong foundati
Th' incumbent weight of abſ
Conviction; here, the more w
More firm, who moſt *examin*

Turn up thine eye, ſurvey this midnight ſcene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundleſs orbs,
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd range?
And what yon boundleſs orbs, to godlike *man?*
Thoſe numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And aſk more ſpace in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can *ſuch* a ſoul contract itſelf, to gripe
A point of no dimenſion, of no weight?
It can; it does: the *world* is ſuch a point:
And, of *that* point, how *ſmall* a part enſlaves!
How ſmall a part—of *nothing*, ſhall I ſay?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treaſure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narciſſa fair, Philander, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and, in an aweful voice,
Loud calls my ſoul, and utters all I ſing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What ſays this *tranſportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched ſpot, they leave ſo poor.
Eternity's vaſt *ocean* lies before thee;
There; there, Lorenzo! thy Clariſſa ſails.
Give thy mind ſea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
That rock of ſouls *immortal*; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; ſpread thy ſails; call every wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-ſtar*; make the land of life.
Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,

And

When we leave [illegible]
(The fate of all who die in ſtubbo
'Tis *utter* darkneſs; ſtrictly *double*
We ſink by no *judicial* ſtroke of h
But nature's *courſe*; as ſure as plu
Since God, or man, muſt alter, e
(Since light and darkneſs blend no
'Tis manifeſt, Lorenzo! *who* mu
If, then, that *double death* ſhou
Blame not the bowels of the Deit
Man ſhall be bleſt, as far as man
Not man alone, all *rationals*, hea
With an illuſtrious, but tremend
To counter-act its own moſt grac
And this, of ſtrict neceſſity, not
That power deny'd, *men*, *angels*,
But paſſive engines, void of prai
A nature *rational* implies the pov
Of being bleſt, or wretched, as

; the maker of immortal fates.
ılls by man, if finally he falls;
ıll he *muſt*, who learns from *death* alone,
'eadful ſecret—That he lives for Ever.
ſ *this* to Thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
ond life? But wherefore doubtful ſtill?
l life is nature's ardent wiſh:
ardently we wiſh, we *ſoon* believe:
ırdy faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
has deſtroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wiſh'd;
when unwiſh'd, we *ſtrive* to diſbelieve.
s infidelity our guilt betrays."
ıat the *ſole* detection! Bluſh, Lorenzo!
for hypocriſy, if not for guilt.
uture fear'd?—An *infidel*, and fear?
'hat? A *dream?* A *fable?*—How thy dread,
'ling evidence, and therefore *ſtrong*,
ls my cauſe an undeſign'd ſupport!
liſbelief affirms what it denies!
unawares, aſſerts immortal life."—
iſing! *infidelity* turns out
ed, and a *confeſſion of our ſins*:
ates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.
'enzo! with Lorenzo claſh no more;
ɔnger a *tranſparent* vizor wear.
t'ſt thou, Religion *only* has her maſk?
nfidels are Satan's hypocrites,
ıd the worſt, and, at the bottom, *fail.*
ı viſited by thought (thought *will* intrude),

Like

If not for that aſylum, they mi
A hell on *earth*; nor 'ſcape a w
With inſolence, and impoten
Inſtead of racking fancy, to *re*
Reform thy manners, and the t
But ſhall I dare confeſs the dire
Can thy proud *reaſon* brook ſo l
From *purer manners*, to *ſublime*
Is nature's unavoidable aſcent;
An *honeſt* deiſt, where the goſpe
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Chriſt*
When that bleſt change arrives,
This ſong ſuperfluous; *life imm*
Conviction, in a flood of light
A *Chriſtian* dwells, like * Uriel,
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to
And ardent *hope* anticipates the
Of *that* bright ſun, Lorenzo! ſ

not the *conflagration* ſhall deſtroy,
inted in the mind of gods for ever,
re's ruins not one letter loſt.
oud diſdain of what ev'n gods adore,
ile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
and *men*, aſſent to what I ſing;
ile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
cious hearts fume phrenzy to the brain!
uſh us on to pride, and pride to ſhame;
fidelity is *wit's* cockade,
ce the brazen brow that braves the ſkies,
of being, dreadfully ſecure.
o! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
rives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
is All, if *earth* a *final* ſcene,
ieed; ſtand faſt; be ſure to be a *knave*,
ve in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
'ſt thou be *good*—how infinite thy loſs!
nly makes *annihilation* gain.
:heme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
e; and which vice *only* recommends.
where, infidels! your bait thrown out
:ch weak converts? *where* your lofty boaſt
al for virtue, and of *love to man?*
ilation! I confeſs, in *theſe*.
at can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
phers the converts of a *ſong?*
ow, *its* * *title* flatters *you*, not *me*;
be the praiſe to make *my* title good;

* The Infidel Reclaimed.

Your hearts, and teach your
For why ſhould ſouls immort
E'er wiſh (and wiſh in vain!)
What ne'er *can* die, oh! grant
The wiſh, and aim, and labo
Increaſe, and *enter* on the joy
Thus ſhall my title paſs a *fac*
Receive an *imprimatur* from
While angels ſhout—*An Infid*

To cloſe, Lorenzo! ſpite o
Still ſeems it ſtrange, that tho
Is it *leſs* ſtrange, that thou ſhc
This is a miracle; and *That* n
Who gave beginning, can exc
Deny thou *art*: Then, doubt
A miracle with miracles inclo
Is man: and ſtarts his faith a
What leſs than wonders, fror

weak thy faith, why chuſe the harder ſide?
nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
weak our *reaſon*, and ſo *great* our God,
at moſt ſurprizes in the *ſacred page*,
ull as ſtrange, or ſtranger, *muſt* be true.
b is not *reaſon's* labour, but repoſe.
o *faith*, and *virtue*, why ſo backward, man?
n hence:—The *preſent* ſtrongly ſtrikes us all;
future, faintly; can we, then, be *men*?
nen, Lorenzo! the *reverſe* is right.
ſon is man's peculiar: *Senſe*, the brute's.
preſent is the ſcanty realm of *ſenſe*;
future, *reaſon's* empire unconfin'd:
that expending all her godlike power,
plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
re, builds her *bleſſings!* There, expects her *praiſe*;
l nothing aſks of *fortune*, or of *men*.
l what is *reaſon?* Be ſhe, thus, defin'd;
ſon is *upright ſtature* in the *ſoul*.
be a *man*; and ſtrive to be a *god*.
or what? (thou ſay'ſt) To damp the joys of life?"
to give *heart* and *ſubſtance* to thy joys.
t tyrant, *hope*; mark how ſhe domineers;
bids us quit realities, for dreams;
ty and peace for hazard, and alarm;
t tyrant o'er the tyrants of the ſoul,
bids *ambition* quit its taken prize,
n the luxuriant branch on which *it* ſits,
ugh bearing crowns, to ſpring at *diſtant* game;

Our leave [illegible]
Bliſs, paſt *man's* power to paint it
This hope is earth's moſt eſtimal
This is man's portion, while no mc
Hope, of all paſſions, moſt befrie
Paſſions of prouder name befriend
Joy has her *tears*; and *tranſport*
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, t
Man's heart, at once, *inſpirits*, a
Nor makes him pay his wiſdom
'Tis all our preſent ſtate can *ſaf*
Health to the frame! and vigour
A joy attemper'd! a *chaſtis'd* del
Like the fair ſummer evening, n
'Tis man's full cup; his paradi
A bleſt hereafter, *then*, or ho
Is All; our *whole* of happineſs
I choſe no trivial or inglorious
[illegible] ſong! [w

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

The Love of this Life; the Ambition and Pleaſure, with the Wit and Wiſdom of the World.

AND has all nature, then, eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heaven and earth to plead againſt thee?
And is thy ſoul *immortal?*—What remains?
All, All, Lorenzo!—Make immortal, bleſt.
Ableſt immortals!—What can ſhock us more?
And yet Lorenzo ſtill affects *the world*;
There, ſtows his treaſure; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world (for ſuch wouldſt thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*,
In antient days; and CHRISTIAN—in an age,
When men were men, and not aſham'd of heaven—
Wir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font,
Again would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.

Thy triple bane! the ...
Thy virtue dead! Be *these* my triple
Nor ſhall thy *wit*, or *wiſdom*, be ſo
Common the theme; not ſo the ſo
My ſong invokes, Urania, deigns tc
The charm that chains us to the wor
If ſhe diſſolves, the *man of earth*, a
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for
Scenes, where theſe ſparks of night, t
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things, a
The bleſt behold;) and, in one glo
Their blended blaze on man's aſton
A blaze—the leaſt illuſtrious objec
Lorenzo! ſince *eternal* is at han
To ſwallow *time's* ambitions; as t
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that
High on the foaming billow; wh
High titles, high deſcent, attainn
... *higheſt?* O Lor

On human hearts *He* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's regiſter inrolls,
The riſe, and progreſs, of each option there;
Sacred to doomſday! *That* the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
  And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and This, unrival'd by the ſkies!
A world, where luſt of *pleaſure, grandeur, gold,*
Three *dæmons* that divide its realms between them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world Lorenzo ſets above
That glorious *promiſe* angels were eſteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a promiſe, their *Ador'd*
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wiſdom woos,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimæras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
  How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantaſtic chace of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
The *gay*, the *buſy*, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary waſtes,

The ſcenes of *pleaſure*—" What is a
There, others we deſpiſe; and *Here*,
Amid *diſguſt* eternal, dwells delight i
'Tis *approbation* ſtrikes the ſtring of

What wondrous prize has kindled
Stuns with the din, and choaks us w
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above tl
The *proud* run up and down in queſt
The *ſenſual*, in purſuit of ſomething
The *grave*, of gold; the *politic*, of
And all, of other butterflies, as vai
As eddies draw things frivolous and
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn
On the ſwift circle of returning toy
Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round,
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſp

" *This is a beaten track.*"—Is th
Should not be beaten? never beat e
'Till [illegible] learn'd the truths it w

It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſtening world!
Man is the tale of narrative old *time*;
Sad tale; which high as Paradiſe begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The *days*, his daughters, as they ſpin our hours
On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, ſnaps life's ſtrongeſt thread,
Each, in her turn, ſome tragic ſtory tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes.
Time's daughters, true as thoſe of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts ſome cheat on all mankind:
While in their *father's* boſom, not yet *ours*,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promiſe much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'erwiſe,
Who dares to truſt them; and laugh round the year,
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded, man,
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lyes;
Nor owns itſelf a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joys go out by One and One,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the pole.
O Thou, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and would'ſt that man ſhould mourn!
O Thou, whoſe hands this goodly fabric fram'd,

Who

In ambient air, their heat, a
Earth's days are number'd, n
As mortal, though leſs tranſi
Yet they doat on her, as the
Were both eternal, ſolid; Tl
They doat! on what? *Ima*
A region of outſides! a land
A fruitful field of flowery pr
A wilderneſs of joys! perple
And ſharp with thorns! a tro
With bold adventurers, their
No ſecond hope, if here their
Frown ſoon it *muſt*. Of vari
Of enſigns various; All alik
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt witl
In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious *f*
And ſtormy the moſt general
All bound for happineſs; yet
The chart of *human*

And ſuffering more from folly, than from fate.
Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen *terrors* frowning round,
(Though lately feaſted high at * Albion's coſt)
Wide-opening, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
By *moral truth*, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with ſanguine chear, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;
All, in ſome darling enterprize embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!
Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind and tide, *ſome* win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Though ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate:
They ſtrike; and while they triumph, they expire.
In ſtreſs of weather, *moſt*; *ſome* ſink outright;

O'er

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

How few, beneath auſpicious pla
(Darlings of Providence! fond
With ſwelling ſails make good th
With all their wiſhes freighted!
Freighted with all their wiſhes,
Free from misfortune, not from
They ſtill are men; and when is
As fatal *time*, as *ſtorm!* the ruſh
Beats down their ſtrength; their
In ruin end: and, now, their pr
But plants *new* terrors on the vi
What pain to quit the world, ju
Their neſt ſo deeply drown'd, an
Too low they build, who build
Woe then apart (if woe apart
From mortal man), and fortune
The gay! rich! great! triumph
What are they?—The *moſt* happ

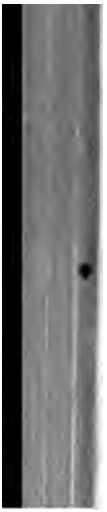
: aggravated impotence in power!
titles, *then*, what inſult of their pain!
at ſole anchor, equal to the waves,
rtal hope! defies not the rude ſtorm,
s comfort from the foaming billows' rage,
makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
This a *ſketch* of what thy ſoul admires?
it here (thou ſay'ſt) the miſeries of life
'e huddled in a group. A more diſtinct
rvey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
on life's ſtages: they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
plainer they, thee deeper wilt thou ſigh.
on thy lovely boy; in him behold
beſt that can befal the beſt on earth;
boy has virtue by his *mother's* ſide:
on Florello look: a *father's* heart
ıder, though the *man's* is made of ſtone;
truth, through ſuch a medium ſeen, may make
eſſion deep, and fondneſs prove thy friend.
ɔrello lately caſt on this rude coaſt
lpleſs infant; now a heedleſs child;
oor Clariſſa's throes, thy care ſucceeds;
full of love, and yet ſevere as hate!
thy ſoul's joy how oft thy fondneſs frowns!
ful auſterities his will reſtrain;
horns fence-in the tender plant from harm.
'et, his *reaſon* cannot go alone;
aſks a ſterner nurſe to lead it on.
little heart is often terrify'd;
bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;

Its

Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wr
How cruel this! more cr
Our *nature* ſuch, with *ne*
We purchaſe proſpects of
Though not a *father*, Th
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd
'Twill ſink our poor acco
Ripe from the tutor, prou
He leaps inclofure, bound
The world is taken, after
Like antient Troy; and a
Alas! the world 's a tuto
Its leſſons hard, and ill de
Unteaching All his virtuo
Or books (fair virtue's ad
For who receives him in
Men of the world, the ter
Welcome the modeſt ſtran

And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lye, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to Them, *vice* ſhone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canſt thou bear a ſhocking ſight?
Such, for Florello's ſake, 'twill now appear:
See, the ſteel'd files of ſeaſon'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burniſh'd falſehood bright;
Deep in the fatal ſtratagems of peace;
All ſoft ſenſation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpoſe, in politeneſs, ſheath'd;
His friends eternal—during intereſt;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with every welfare, but their own;
As wiſe as Lucifer; and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through Theſe (ſo common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel courſe he runs,
Stung out of All, moſt amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and ſmiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his ſpecies, wide diffus'd;
Noble preſumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous truſt, and confidence of love.
Theſe claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will coſt him many a ſigh; till time, and pains,
From the ſlow miſtreſs of this ſchool, *Experience*,
And her aſſiſtant, pauſing, pale, *Diſtruſt*,
Purchaſe a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Through ſerpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human-hearts.
And happy! if the clue ſhall come ſo cheap;

For,



By baſe alloy, to bear the c
Below call'd wiſdom; ſinks
And brands him into credit
Where ſpecious titles dignif
And nature's injuries are ar
Where brighter reaſon prom
And heavenly talents make
That unſurmountable extre
Poor Machiavel! who lal
Forgot, that genius need no
Forgot, that man, without
His plan had practis'd, long
The world 's all *title-page*;
The world 's all *face*; the
Is whooted for his nudities,
A man I knew, who liv'd u
And well it fed him; he loc
While rankeſt venom foam'

h all the *necromantics* of their art,
ing the game of *faces* on each other,
ing court ſweet-meats of their latent gall,
oliſh hope, to ſteal each other's truſt;
cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
, ſometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
ir parts we doubt not; but be That their ſhame;
l men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
p to mean wiles, that would diſgrace a fool;
loſe the thanks of thoſe few friends they ſerve?
who can thank the man, he cannot *ſee?*
hy ſo much cover? It defeats itſelf.
that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts
therefore known, *becauſe* they are conceal'd?
why conceal'd?—The cauſe they need not tell.
e him joy, that 's aukward at a lye;
ſe feeble nature *truth* keeps ſtill in awe;
incapacity is his renown.
great, 'tis manly, to diſdain *diſguiſe*;
ews our ſpirit, or it proves our ſtrength.
u ſay'ſt, 'Tis *needful*: is it therefore *right?*
e'er, I grant it ſome ſmall ſign of grace,
train at an excuſe: and wouldſt thou then
pe that cruel *need?* Thou may'ſt, with eaſe;
ık no poſt *needful* that demands a knave.
:n late our civil helm was ſhifting hands,
'ulteney thought: think better if you can.
ıt this, how rare! the public path of life
irty:—yet, allow that dirt its due,
akes the noble mind more noble ſtill:

To shew how fair
Take *either* part, ſur
Sure, though not equ
Not *virtue's*-ſelf is d
Virtue has her relapſe
Foes, that ne'er fail t
Virtue has her peculia
True friends to virtue
But if *they* ſigh, can
If *wiſdom* has her mi
How can poor *folly* le
And if *both* ſuffer, w
Where he *moſt* happy,
Where *much*, *much* pa
And *ſome* forgiveneſs,
For friend, or happy l
Of neither ſhall he fin
The world's ſworn a

an nature in a plainer voice proclaim
'eaſure, and *glory*, the chief good of man?"
ın *pride*, and *ſenſuality*, rejoice?
ı purity of thought, all *pleaſure* ſprings;
, from an humble ſpirit, all our *peace*.
ition, *pleaſure!* let us talk of Theſe:
Theſe, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd;
Theſe, each following age had much to ſay:
unexhauſted, ſtill, the needful theme.
ı talks of *theſe*, to mankind all at once
alks; for where the ſaint from either free?
Theſe thy refuge?—No: theſe ruſh upon thee;
vitals ſeize, and *vulture*-like, devour:
try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
ıetheus! from this barren ball of earth;
aſon can unchain thee, thou art free.
nd, firſt, thy *Caucaſus*, ambition, calls;
ıntain of torments! eminence of woes!
ourted woes! and courted through miſtake!
not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
make thee ſtart, as H—— at his *Moor*.
graſp at greatneſs? Firſt, know what it is:
ık'ſt thou thy greatneſs in *diſtinction* lies?
in the feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
ortune ſtuck, to mark us from the throng,
ory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverſe;
ıat which joins, in that which equals, All,
monarch and his ſlave;—"A deathleſs ſoul,
nbounded proſpect, and immortal kin,
Father God, and brothers in the ſkies;"

Thy ſlaves, and equals: how
Rebounds on Thee! if man is
Art thou a god? If *fortune* ma
Beware the conſequence: a m
Which draws a monſtrous pict
Where, in the drapery, the *m*
Externals fluttering, and the ſ
Thy greateſt glory, when diſp
Boaſt *that* aloud, in which thy
We wiſely ſtrip the ſteed we
Judge we, in their capariſons,
It nought avails thee, *where*,
All the diſtinctions of this litt
Are quite cutaneous, foreign
When, through death's ſtreigh
creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, c
As crooked Satan the forbidd

nd let, what then remains, impoſe their name,
onounce them Weak, or Worthy; Great, or Mean.
ow mean that ſnuff of glory *fortune* lights,
nd *death* puts out! Doſt thou demand a teſt,
teſt, at once, infallible, and ſhort,
f *real* Greatneſs? That man Greatly lives,
hate'er his fate, or fame, who Greatly dies;
igh-fluſh'd with hope, where heroes ſhall deſpair.
this a true criterion, many courts,
luſtrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth ſurveys
ought Greater, than an honeſt, Humble Heart;
n Humble Heart, *His* reſidence! pronounc'd
is ſecond ſeat; and rival to the ſkies.
he private path, the ſecret acts of men,
noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!
ow far above Lorenzo's glory ſits
h' illuſtrious maſter of a name *unknown*;
hoſe worth unrival'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
ife's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with men;
nd *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions, ſmiles!
s thou (now dark), before we part, ſhalt ſee.
But thy Great Soul this *ſkulking* glory ſcorns.
orenzo's ſick, but when Lorenzo's ſeen;
nd, when he ſhrugs at public buſineſs, lyes.
eny'd the public eye, the public voice,
s if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
ain would he make the world his pedeſtal;
lankind the gazers, the ſole figure, He.
nows he, that mankind praiſe againſt their will,

Or, from all ſuch more lordly,
Taking his country by five hun
Senates at once admire him, an
With modeſt laughter lining lo
Which makes the ſmile more m
His *fame*, which (like the migh
With laurels, in full ſenate, gr
By *ſeeming* friends, that honour
We riſe in glory, as we ſink in
Where boaſting ends, there dig
And yet, miſtaken beyond all n
The blind Lorenzo's proud—o
And dreams himſelf aſcending

An eminence, though fancy'
All vice wants *hellebore*; but c
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the
Becauſe, unlike all other vice, i
In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* mo

Lorenzo cries—" Be, then, *ambition* caſt;
" Ambition 's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
" Gay *pleaſure!* proud *ambition* is her ſlave;
" For Her, he ſoars at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
" For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
" And paves his way, with crowns, to reach Her ſmile:
" Who can reſiſt her charms?"—Or, *ſhould?* Lorenzo!
What mortal ſhall reſiſt, where angels yield?
Pleaſure 's the miſtreſs of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleaſure 's the miſtreſs of the world below;
And well it was for man, that *pleaſure* charms;
How would All ſtagnate, but for *pleaſure's* ray!
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe!
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?
The love of *pleaſure:* that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and ſhuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family hold All in chains:
Some moſt affect the black; and ſome, the fair;
Some honeſt *pleaſure* court; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures *obſcene* are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can *err* in human hearts;
Miſtake their objects, or trangreſs their bounds.
Think you there 's but one whoredom? Whoredom, All,
But when our *reaſon* licenſes delight.
Doſt doubt, Lorenzo? Thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others' *gold!*

To which no *jingle* ſacrifice m
For Her, the ſaint abſtains; t
The Stoic proud, for *pleaſure*,
For Her, *affliction's* daughters
And find, or hope, a luxury i
For Her, guilt, ſhame, toil, d
And, with an aim *voluptuous*,
Thus univerſal her deſpotic po

And as her empire wide, he
Patron of pleaſure! doater on
I am thy rival; pleaſure I pro
Pleaſure the purpoſe of my glo
Pleaſure is nought but virtue's
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her w
Virtue the root, and pleaſure i
And honeſt Epicurus' foes wer

But this ſounds harſh, and g
If o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill reta

Own *honey ſweet*; but, owning, add this *ſting*;
" When mixt with poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lye.
Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?
What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
And where no future drawback cries, " *Beware*;"
Pleaſure, though not from virtue, *ſhould* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The *love of pleaſure* is man's eldeſt-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom, her *younger* ſiſter, though more *grave*,
Was meant to *miniſter*, and not to mar,
Imperial *pleaſure*, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo! Thou, her majeſty's renown'd,
Though unconſift counſel, learned in *the world!*
Who think'ſt thyſelf a Murray, with diſdain
May'ſt look on me. Yet, my Demoſthenes!
Canſt thou plead *pleaſure's* cauſe as well as I?
Know'ſt thou her *nature, purpoſe, parentage?*
Attend my ſong, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know Thyſelf; and know thyſelf to be
(Strange truth!) the moſt abſtemious man alive.
Tell not Califta; ſhe will laugh thee dead;
Or ſend thee to her hermitage with L——.
Abſurd preſumption! Thou who never knew'ſt
A ſerious thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance;
Or yawn'd it into being, with a wiſh;

Or

Wealth may ſeek Us; but *wiſ*
Sought before all; but (how
We ſeek on earth!) 'tis never
Firſt, *pleaſure's* birth, riſe, fl
Brought forth by *wiſdom*, nu
By *patience* taught, by *perſev*
She rears her head majeſtic; r
Erected in the boſom of the ju
Each virtue, liſted, forms her
For what are *virtues?* (Formi
What, but the fountain, or d
Why, then, commanded? Ne
At once to *merit*, and to *mak*
Great Legiſlator! ſcarce ſo gr
If men are rational, and love
Thy gracious law but flatters
In the tranſgreſſion lies the per
And they the moſt indulge, w

ſure, firſt, ſuccours *virtue*; in return,
tue gives *pleaſure* an eternal reign.
hat, but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,
pports life *natural*, *civil*, and *divine*?
is from the pleaſure of repaſt, we live;
is from the pleaſure of applauſe, we pleaſe;
is from the pleaſure of belief, we pray
ll prayer would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the prize):
ſerves ourſelves, our ſpecies, and our God;
nd to ſerve more, is paſt the ſphere of man.
lide, then, for ever, pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!
hrough Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
nd foſters every growth of happy life;
akes a new Eden where it flows;—but ſuch
s *muſt* be loſt, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
"*What mean I by thy fall?*"—Thou 'lt ſhortly ſee,
hile pleaſure's *nature* is at large diſplay'd;
lready ſung her *origin*, and *ends*.
hoſe glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
hen *pleaſure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
nd vengeance too; it haſtens into pain.
om due refreſhment, life, health, reaſon, joy;
om wild exceſs, pain, grief, diſtraction, death;
aven's juſtice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
hat greater evil can I wiſh my foe,
an his full draught of pleaſure, from a caſk
broach'd by *juſt authority*, ungaug'd
temperance, by *reaſon* unrefin'd?
thouſand dæmons lurk within the lee.
aven, others, and ourſelves! uninjur'd *theſe*,

Drink

A ſelf-wrought happineſs unmeant
Who made us, and the world we
Who forms an inſtrument, ordain
Its diſſonance, or harmony, ſhall
Heaven bade the ſoul this mortal f
Bade virtue's ray divine inſpire the
With unprecarious flows of vital j
And, without breathing, man as
For life, as without piety, for pea
" Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's ſo
Mother of every worth, as that of
Men of the world this doctrine ill d
They ſmile at piety; yet boaſt alo
Good-will to men; nor know they
What *nature* joins; and thus conf
With *piety* begins all good on earth
'Tis the firſt-born of rationality.

Some ſiniſter intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindeſt actions, he 's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A ſoul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life;
The whirls of paſſions, and the ſtrokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inſpires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the *Great God*, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heaven, and ſets his foot on hell.
Lorenzo! when waſt Thou at church *before*?
Thou think'ſt the ſervice long: but is it juſt?
Though juſt, unwelcome: thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the Muſe, to win thine ear,
Muſt take an air leſs ſolemn. She complies.
Good conſcience! at the ſound *the world* retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and Lorenzo ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her *ſeraglio* full of charms;
And ſuch as age ſhall heighten, not impair.

Art

" Or with warm heart, and con
" Spring up, and lay ſtrong hold o
Thy gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightl
Though wither'd is thy vine, a
Doſt call the bowl, the viol,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? W
Phyſicians! more than half of t
Laughter, though never cenſur'd
(Pardon a thought that only *ſeem*
Is half-immoral: is it much ind
By venting ſpleen, or diſſipating
It ſhews a *ſcorner*, or it makes a
And ſins, as hurting others, or
'Tis *pride*, or *emptineſs*, applies
That tickles little minds to mirt
Of grief approaching, the portem
The houſe of laughter makes a h
A man *triumphant* is a monſtrou

rue, a wiſe man never will be ſad;
ither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth,
low ſtream of happineſs betray:
appy to be ſportive, he 's ſerene.
wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own expence)
ounſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
ire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
truths abound of ſovereign aid to peace;
lo not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd,
ou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
treaſure! and the wonder of the wiſe!
think'ſt, perhaps, thy *ſoul* alone at ſtake;
—Should men miſtake thee for a *fool*;—
man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
h tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
: me, ſenſe, *here*, acts a double part,
ne true *critic* is a *Chriſtian* too.
theſe, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy.—
oy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;
firſt, themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
:avel only gives us ſound repoſe.
1 *ſells* all pleaſure; effort is the price;
ys of conqueſt are the joys of man;
lory the victorious *laurel* ſpreads
leaſure's pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
re is a time, when toil muſt be preferr'd,
, by miſ-tim'd fondneſs, is undone.
1 of *pleaſure*, is a man of *pains*.
wilt not take the trouble to be bleſt.

But happiness that mortify
Can joy, unbottom'd in reſle
And, in a tempeſt, can reſle
Can joy, like thine, ſecure i
Can joy, like thine, meet ac
Or ope the door to honeſt po
Or talk with threatening deat
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a
Are needful fundamentals of
Theſe fundamentals give deli
Delight, pure, delicate, and
Delight, unſhaken, maſculin
A conſtant, and a ſound, bu
Is joy the daughter of ſev
It is:—yet far my doctrine f
"Rejoice for ever:" It beco
Exalts, and ſets him nearer t
"Rejoice for ever!" *Nature*

aring pledge! her bowl is not the beſt
ind can boaſt.—" A rational repaſt;
ertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
military diſcipline of thought,
foil *temptation* in the doubtful field;
d ever-waking ardor for *the right*."
beſe firſt give, then guard, a chearful heart,
ht that is *right*, think little; well aware,
reaſon bids, God bids; by *His* command
aggrandiz'd, the ſmalleſt thing we do!
, *nothing* is inſipid to the wiſe;
ice, inſipid all, but what is *mad*;
ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
Mad! (thou reply'ſt, with indignation fir'd)
antient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
ollow *nature*."—Follow *nature* ſtill,
ook it be thine *own*: Is *conſcience*, then,
irt of nature? Is ſhe not *ſupreme*?
regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
, follow nature; and reſemble God.
hen, ſpite of *conſcience*, pleaſure is purſued,
s nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd:
what 's unnatural is painful too
ntervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n Thee!
fact thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the *cauſe*.
e's foundations with the world's were laid;
en mixt her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
acred intereſts with the ſtrings of life.
breaks her aweful mandate, ſhocks himſelf,
better ſelf: and is it greater pain,

Senſe on the preſent only fee
On paſt, and future, forages
'Tis hers, by retroſpect, thro
And forward *time's* great ſeq
Could human courts take ver
Axes might ruſt, and racks
Guard, then, thy mind, and
Lorenzo! wilt thou never
The man is dead, who for th
Lur'd, by the beating of his
With every luſt, that wars a
And ſets him quite at varian
Thyſelf, firſt, know; then l
Of virtue fond, that kindles
A *ſelf* there is, as fond of e
While every virtue wounds i
Humility degrades it, *juſtice* r
Bleſt *bounty* beggars it, fair *t*

Comply, or own ſelf-love *extinct*, or *blind*.
For what is *vice*? Self-love in a miſtake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And *virtue*, what? 'Tis ſelf-love in her wits,
Quite ſkilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good ſenſe is love of that dread Power,
From whom herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A ſelf-hate, *now*, ſcarce felt; *then* felt full-ſore,
When being, curſt; extinction, loud implor'd;
And every thing preferr'd to what we *are*.
Yet *this* ſelf-love Lorenzo makes his choice:
And, in this choice triumphant, boaſts of joy.
How is his want of happineſs betray'd,
By diſaffection to the preſent hour!
Imagination wanders far afield;
The future pleaſes: why? The preſent pains.—
"But that 's a *ſecret*." Yes, which all men know;
And know from Thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs agitation, reſtleſs roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pauſe;
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the ſoul,
From *inſtinct* ſent, to rock her in diſeaſe,
Which her phyſician, *Reaſon*, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy beſt; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.
Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wiſe have joys.
Superior wiſdom is ſuperior bliſs.

Man's greateſt ſtrength is ſhewn
The firſt ſure ſymptom of a min
Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure fel
Falſe pleaſure from abroad her jo
Rich from within, and ſelf-ſuſta
The *true* is fixt, and ſolid as a r
Slippery the *falſe*, and toſſing, a
This, a wild wanderer on earth,
That, like the fabled, ſelf-enam
Home-contemplation her ſuprem
She dreads an interruption from
Smit with her own condition; a
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms

No man is happy, till he thinl
There breathes not a more happy
Then envy dies, and love o'erflo
And love o'erflowing makes an
Such angels. All. intitled to rep

ll their hearts kindle with divine delight;
r all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old
Iſrael's dream, come from, and go to, heaven:
nce, are *they* ſtudious of ſequeſter'd ſcenes;
hile noiſe, and diſſipation, comfort *thee*.
Were all men happy, revelings would ceaſe,
ıat opiate for inquietude within.
ırenzo! never man was truly bleſt,
ıt it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a caſt,
s *folly* might miſtake for want of joy.
caſt, unlike the triumph of the proud;
modeſt aſpect, and a ſmile at heart.
for a joy from thy Philander's ſpring!
ſpring perennial, riſing in the breaſt,
nd permanent, as pure! no turbid ſtream
f rapturous exultation, ſwelling high;
'hich, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
hen ſink at once, and leave us in the mire.
'hat does the man, who tranſient joy prefers?
'hat, but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?
Vain are all ſudden ſallies of delight;
ɔnvulſions of a weak, diſtemper'd joy.
ıy 's a fixt ſtate; a tenure, not a ſtart.
ıiſs there is none, but *unprecarious* bliſs:
hat is the gem: ſell All, and purchaſe That.
'hy go a-begging to contingencies,
ot gain'd with eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
t good fortuitous, draw back, and pauſe;
ıſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
nd nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is ſure.

Thou art all anarchy; a mob of jo
Wage war, and periſh in inteſtine b
Not the leaſt promiſe of internal pea
No boſom-comfort! or unborrow'd
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; All o
'Mid ſands, and rocks, and ſtorms, to
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better n
Much pain muſt expiate what much
Fancy, and *ſenſe*, from an infected
Thy cargo bring; and peſtilence th
Then, ſuch thy thirſt (inſatiable thi
By fond indulgence but inflam'd th
Fancy ſtill cruiſes, when poor *ſenſe*
Imagination is the Paphian ſhop,
Where feeble happineſs, like Vulca
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark receſs
And hot as hell (which kindled the
With wanton art, thoſe fatal arrow

In *this* is ſeen imagination's *guilt*;
But who can count her *follies?* She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is ſomething great.
For works of curious art, and antient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes muſt cater for thy taſte.
Hence, what diſaſter!—Though the price was paid,
That perſecuting prieſt, the Turk of Rome,
Whoſe foot (ye gods!) though cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian ſhore;
(Such is the fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor *magnificence* is ſtarv'd to death.
Hence juſt reſentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd, if *outward* things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to ſcorn;
Pompous expences, and parades auguſt,
And courts, that inſalubrious ſoil to peace.
True happineſs ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happineſs reſides in things unſeen.
No ſmiles of *fortune* ever bleſt the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holineſs*, and be reveng'd.
Pleaſure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only conteſt, what deſerves the name.
Give *pleaſure's* name to nought, but what has paſs'd
Th' authentic ſeal of *reaſon* (which, like Yorke,
Demurrs on what it paſſes), and defies
The tooth of time; when paſt, a pleaſure ſtill;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,

Are rival joys contending for thy c
Conſult thy *whole exiſtence*, and be
That oracle will put all doubt to fl
Short is the leſſon, though my lect
Be good—and let heaven anſwer for
Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankin
In this our day of proof, our land
The *good man* has his clouds that i
Clouds, that *obſcure* his ſublunary
But never *conquer*: ev'n the *beſt* m
Patience, and *reſignation*, are the p
Of human peace on earth. The p
But thoſe of Seth not more remote
Till *this* heroic leſſon thou haſt lear
To frown at *pleaſure*, and to ſmile
Fir'd at the proſpect of unclouded
Heaven in reverſion, like the ſun,
Beneath th' horizon, chears us in t

" And lays his labour level with the *world?*"
Themſelves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakneſs to chimæra turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the Muſe preſcrib'd.
* Above, Lorenzo ſaw the man of earth,
The *mortal man*; and wretched was the ſight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now ſee the *man immortal*: him, I mean,
Who lives as ſuch; whoſe heart, full-bent on heaven,
Leans all *that* way, his bias to the ſtars.
The world's dark ſhades, in contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His luſtre more; though bright, without a foil:
Obſerve his aweful portrait, and admire;
Nor ſtop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips in ſeas, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of *ſenſe*, and *paſſion's* ſtorm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he ſees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! what higher praiſe?

What

* In a former Night.

Theirs, the v ce of *fi lse* feliciti
His, the compos'd p[illegible]n of the *tr*
Alike throughout is *his* consistent pea
All of one colour, and an even threa
While party-colour'd shreds of happi
With hideous gaps between, patch u
A madman's robe; each puff of *fort*
The tatters by, and shews their nake

He sees with other eyes than *theirs*
Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity*;
What makes *them* only smile, makes
Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *ato*
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a
They things terrestrial worship, as div
His hopes immortal blow them by, a
That dims his sight, and shortens his
Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all
Titles and honours (if they prove hi

lear *he* holds his intereſt, to neglect
ter's welfare, or his right invade;
intereſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
cindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
g *he* ſuſtains with temper, looks on heaven,
oops to think his injurer his foe;
it, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
er'd heart *their* character defends;
er'd heart *denies* him half his praiſe.
nakedneſs his innocence agrees;
their broad foliage teſtifies their fall.
no joys end, where *his* full feaſt begins:
ys *create*, *Their's* murder, future bliſs.
umph in exiſtence, *his* alone;
is alone, triumphantly to think
ue exiſtence is not yet begun.
orious courſe was, yeſterday, complete;
, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.
nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,
inted breaſt—And whoſe is that high praiſe?
ield to pleaſure, though they danger brave,
iew no fortitude, but in the field;
e they ſhew it, 'tis for glory ſhewn;
ill that cordial always man *their* hearts.
lial *his* ſuſtains, that cannot fail;
aſure unſubdued, unbroke by pain,
res in that Omnipotence he truſts.
aring, all-attempting, till he falls;
hen he falls, writes VICI on his ſhield.
nagnanimity, all *fear* above;

From

The root diſſect, nor wonder at the *j*

He follows nature (not like * thee) a
An uninverted ſyſtem of a man.
His *appetite* wears *reaſon's* golden ch
And finds, in due reſtraint, its luxu
His *paſſion*, like an eagle well reclai
Is taught to fly at nought, but Infin
Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *c*
His *caution* fearleſs, and his *grief* (i
The gods ordain) a ſtranger to deſpa
And why?—Becauſe, affection, mo
His wiſdom leaves not diſengag'd fr
Thoſe ſecondary goods that ſmile on
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *pe*
They moſt the world enjoy, who lea
His *underſtanding* 'ſcapes the commo
Of fumes, ariſing from a boiling br
His head is clear, becauſe his heart i

Thus, in a double ſenſe, the *good* are wiſe;
On its own dunghill, wiſer than the world.
What, then, the world? It *muſt* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their *Creed*.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwiſe *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I ſing.
Bliſs has no being, virtue has no ſtrength,
But from the proſpect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs juſt the ſame)
Who care no farther, *muſt* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to men?) to love their deareſt friend;
For may not he invade their *good ſupreme*,
Where the leaſt jealouſy turns love to gall?
All ſhines to *them*, that for a ſeaſon ſhines.
Each act, each thought, *be* queſtions, "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thouſand ages hence?"—
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the receſſes of his ſoul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, conſtitutionally deep,
Has *habit's* firmneſs, and *affection's* flame;
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the fire;
And *death*, which others ſlays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by heaven!

Stand

Swells more, and riſes ı er to the
By promiſe *now*, and, by poſſeſſion,
(Too *ſoon*, too *much*, it cannot be) l
From this thy juſt *annihilation* riſe
Lorenzo! riſe to *ſomething*, by reply
The world, thy client, liſtens, and
And longs to crown thee with immc
Canſt thou be ſilent? No; for *wit* i
And wit talks *moſt*, when *leaſt* ſhe h
And *reaſon* interrupts not her career
She 'll ſay—*That miſts above the mo*
And, with a thouſand pleaſantries,
She 'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe
And fly conviction, in the duſt ſhe ı
Wit, how delicious to man's dain
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *ſenſ*
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire diſeaſe
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the v

For thy renown, 't were well, was this the worſt;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See *dulneſs*, blundering on vivacities,
Shakes her ſage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wiſdom*, aweful wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! in ſenates, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or if *there* found, 'tis ſacred to the *few*;
While a lewd proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *wit*: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriſer; *ſenſe*, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the lightning of the ſtorm.
In *ſtates*, 'tis dangerous; in *religion*, death:
Shall *wit* turn Chriſtian, when the dull *believe*?
Senſe is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* expoſes, 'tis our *helmet* ſaves.
Senſe is the diamond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by *wit*, it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of *good ſenſe*, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
Thus, a *half*-Cheſterfield is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools ſcorn, and bleſs their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where Syrens ſit, to ſing thee to thy fate!
A *joy*, in which our *reaſon* bears no part,
Is but a *ſorrow* tickling, ere it ſtings.

Let

She gives but little, nor
There is, I grant, a triu
A dance of ſpirits, a me
Our *thoughtleſs agitation's*
That mantles high, that i
Leaving the ſoul more vap
An *animal* ovation ! ſuch
No commerce with our *rea*
On juices, through the wel
A nice machine ! ſcarce eve
And when it jars—thy Syre
Thy dance is done ; the *den*
(Short apotheoſis !) beneath
In coward gloom immers'd,
Art thou yet *dull enough*
And ſtartle at deſtruction ?
Accept a buckler, take it to
(A field of battle is

Th' inverted *pyramid* can never ſtand.
Is this truth doubtful? It outſhines the ſun;
Nay, the ſun ſhines not, but to ſhew us this,
The ſingle leſſon of mankind on earth.
And yet—yet, what? No news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers liſt againſt the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve!)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs: As Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port, on every ſail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lye;
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile.
Hard either taſk! The moſt abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for themſelves, the moment *reaſon* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repoſe)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump ſad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? Some cannot ſit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And ſhew us *what* their joy, by their deſpair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! blaſpheming eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene.—But heaven denies
A cover to ſuch guilt; and ſo ſhould man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeking blade,
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;

...ld all to thoug
That vouch the truth;
From *vice*, *ſenſe*, *fancy*,
Bliſs is too great, to lod
When an immortal being
Duration is eſſential to th
O for a joy from *reaſon!*
Which makes man *man*;
Will make him *more*: A.
And promiſes; that weave
The richeſt proſpect into pr
A joy *ambitious!* Joy in co
With thrones ethereal, and
A joy high-privileg'd from
A joy, which *death* ſhall dou
Crown'd higher, and ſtill hi
Through bleſt eternity's long
Not more remote from *ſorrow*
Whoſe laviſh hand ...

Nor need you bluſh (though ſometimes your deſigns
May ſhun the light) at your deſigns on heaven:
Sole point! where *over-baſhful* is your blame.
Are you not *wiſe?*—You know you are: Yet hear
One truth, amid your numerous ſchemes, miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide, if ſeen;
"Our ſchemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
"Is the ſole difference between wiſe and fool."
All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* ſcale;
What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light?*
Is *their* eſteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my ſimple ſcheme of *common ſenſe*:
Thus, ſave your fame, and make *two* worlds your own.
The world *replies* not;—but the world *perſiſts*;
And puts the *cauſe* off to the longeſt day,
Planning evaſions for the day of doom.
So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redreſs,
They then turn *witneſſes* againſt themſelves:
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wiſe to-morrow.
Haſte, haſte! A man, by nature, is in haſte;
For who ſhall anſwer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* ſure friend;
And that thou canſt not do, this ſide the ſkies.
Ye ſons of earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)
Since *verſe* you think from prieſtcraft ſomewhat free,
Thus, in an age ſo gay, the Muſe plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard in proſe)
Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verſe
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;

Must die; and die unw
Devoted *page!* go forth
Go, nobly proud of ma
And die a double death
Denies thee long to live
When thou art dead; in
By Lucifer, as traitor to
And bold blaſphemer of h
The world, whoſe legions
And *volunteers* around h
Prudent, as Pruſſia, in he
" Are all, then, fools?
But ſuch as hold *this* doctri
" The mother of true wiſd
The nobleſt *intellect*, a fool
World-wiſdom much has do
In arts and ſciences, in war
But art and ſcience, like thy

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NOV 2 2 1938